

60c

OCT. 15

VOGUE



FASHION
NATURALS
U. S. A. —
what's in and why

The beautiful new leg life

ITALY: the clothes,
the life, the talk

“Putting the
Charm in Order”



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4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7

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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE

CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

Editorial and Advertising Offices

420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Telephone — LExington 2-7500

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V. - PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1960

COVER:

Lots of vicuña, lots of lynx—a big and wonderful coat for the woman whose idea of coat-heaven is simple, shoulder-shrugging bone-elegance. (Same woman, probably, whose wardrobe teems with little-nothing wools and jerseys and knitted dresses, with good tweed suits—all of which might have been just waiting for this coat to happen.) The coat—not just garden-variety vicuña, by the way, but vicuña with a fascinating new basketry weave—is by Heitner & Heitner, of Stroock fabric. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinkel; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. The plummier plum lipstick: new Plum Sizzle by Dorothy Gray.



PALUMBO

FASHIONS

- 87 Vogue's eye view of the non-conformist hat
- 88 Fashion Naturals—by Chanel who started the whole idea
- 108 Jewels facing East
- 112 Italy: fashion triumphs in a gala Olympic year
- 122 Leather—a great new fashion natural
- 126 Stoles—the new fur shapes
- 128 White lamb; mink—new coat editions
- 130 The beautiful new leg life—what goes into this year's stocking wardrobe
- 134 A day in the life of a stocking collector
- 136 American Fashion Naturals—country clothes
- 146 Vogue Patterns: Transatlantic suit looks
- 148 Night lighting—new golden rules in the short-dress picture

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

- 44 Italian Sculpture—at The Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts
- 94 People Are Talking About . . .
- 95 Giulietta Simionato
- 96 When is a Natural . . . ?
Dina Merrill; Rosalind Russell; Mary Martin and Richard Halliday;
Benny Goodman; Walter Pidgeon
- 104 Six Stories of Wit, Soaked in Wisdom. From an anthology
[edited] by Nancy Wilson Ross
- 106 "Four Italian Shooting Parties." By Candace Alig Van Allen
- 108 "Putting the Charm in Order." By Phyllis La Farge
- 110 Roman Notes
- 111 The Piccolo Teatro di Milano
- 150 "Living It Up in Italy." By George Bradshaw

FASHIONS IN LIVING

- 72 Two for a cook's book
- 150 The flavour of Italy
- 153 Italian wines—buyable in the U.S.A.
- 154 The new silver shape-up
- 158 On the "Leonardo da Vinci"—its food and two chef's recipes

BEAUTY

- 8 Perfume—test case

DEPARTMENTS

- 64 Shop Hound

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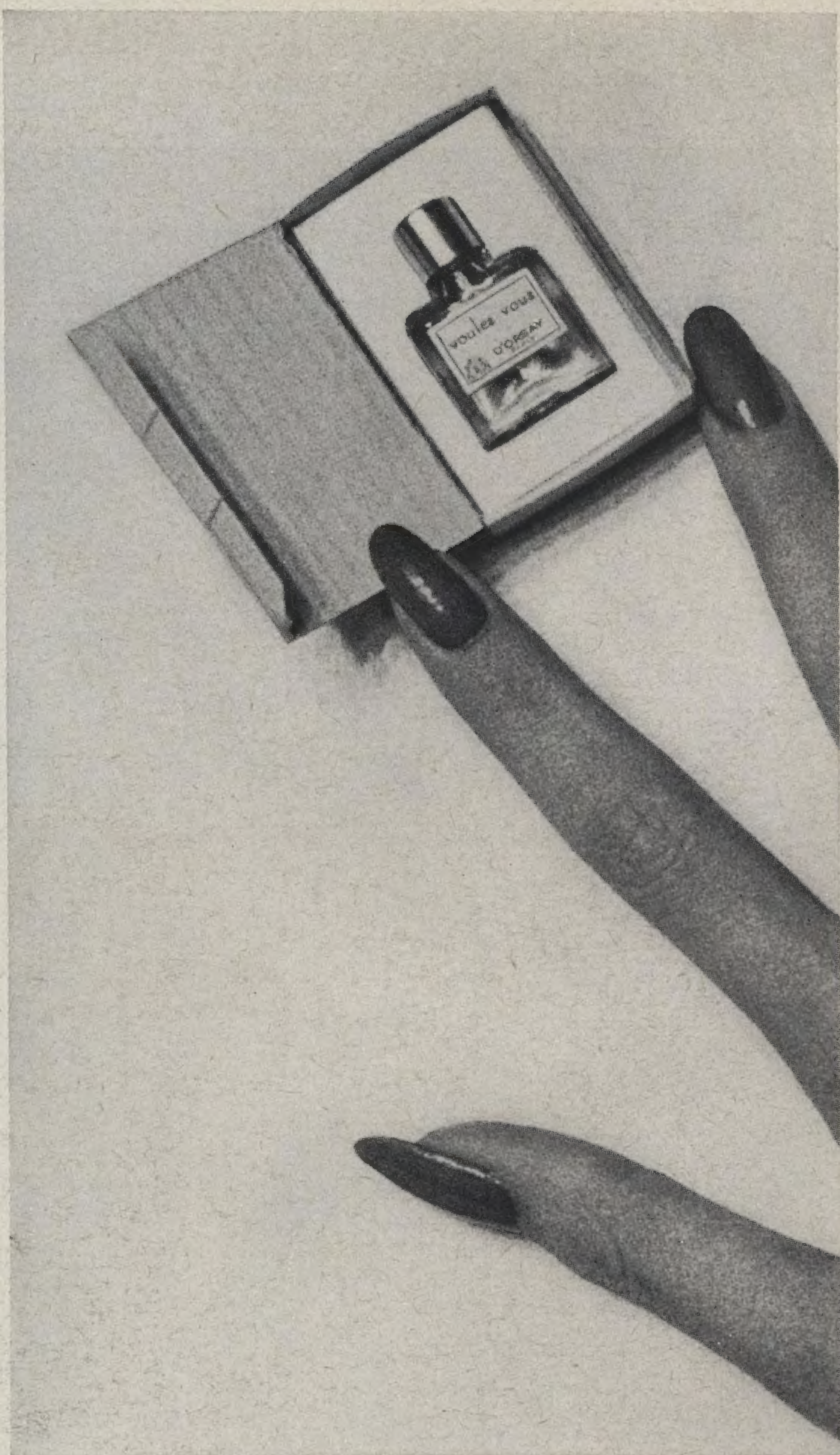
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ROMA RED FIRST FASHION FORD FOR '61

David Crystal's Italian couture-designed suits shown in Roma Red on the following pages are available at the fine stores listed below. And be sure to see your favorite Ford at your local Ford dealer's.

Aberdeen, South Dakota...Marie O. Simmons
Akron, Ohio...Birnbaum's Suburban Stores
Alexandria, Louisiana...Weiss & Goldring
Alton, Illinois...Myers Bros.
Altus, Oklahoma...Sharron's
Anderson, Indiana...Gates
Ardmore, Oklahoma...The Daube Company
Asheville, North Carolina...John Carroll
Atlanta, Georgia...Rich's Inc.
Atlantic City, New Jersey...Homberger's, Inc.
Augusta, Georgia...Cullum's
Baltimore, Maryland...Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La...D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Bay City, Michigan...Mary K. Dress Studio
Bedford, Penn...Barton's Fashion Shop
Bellingham, Washington...Wahl's, Inc.
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Beverly Hills, California...I. Magnin
Binghamton, New York...Drazens
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Burlington, Iowa...J. S. Schramm Co.
Calexico, California...Irene's Dress Shop
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Charlottesville, Virginia...Miller & Rhoads
Chattanooga, Tennessee...Miller Bros. Co.
Chicago, Illinois...Bramson
Cincinnati, Ohio...Jenny Co.
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Clayton, Mo...Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Cleveland, Ohio...Halle Bros.
Columbia, South Carolina...Lisbeth Wolfe
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Ft. Dodge, Iowa...Hollywood Style Shop
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Ft. Wayne, Indiana...Wolf & Dessauer
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Grand Rapids, Michigan...Wurzburg Co.
Greensboro, North Carolina...Ellis-Stone
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania...Bowman's-East
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Hazleton, Pennsylvania...Mary Walker
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Indianapolis, Indiana...Wm. H. Block Co.
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Ridgeway, Pennsylvania...Linnea's
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Sunnyvale, California...Hart's
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Tallahassee, Florida...Mae's Shop
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Wooster, Ohio...Beulah Bechtel Shop
Worcester, Massachusetts...Richard Healy Co.
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FUJIKI

Perfume—test case

The bottle in the photograph above contains about a dram of perfume—or just enough to establish a rapport between you and it. Voulez-vous is the name, and it's D'Orsay's news. (New, but not born yesterday—a restrained and worldly kind of elegance is the way we read its message; 50c and the coupon below brings the message home to you.)

**Vogue, Dept. V.V.
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.**

Please send me Vogue's sampler of D'Orsay's Voulez-vous perfume as offered in the October 15, 1960 issue of Vogue. I enclose 50c in coin (or stamps) to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

This offer is good only in Continental U.S. through December 31, 1960. Please allow three weeks for delivery.



At the Colosseum—the 1961 Galaxie with a brilliant Roma Red satin dinner costume.

Once again Ford styling has been recognized by an international fashion authority. An honor to be proud of, this is the medal presented by the Centro per L'Alta Moda Italiana to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.





ROMA RED — FIRST

THE NEW BRILLIANCE IN CARS AND CLOTHES Here in a blaze of glory—the car that captured the heart of Rome. The car that was hailed by the Rome high couture for functional expression of classic beauty. It's the sleek new 1961 Ford beautifully proportioned to the Classic Ford Look—beautifully built to take care of itself . . . and to take care of you.

Here, too, new brilliance in fashion, Roma Red—pale or bright—always dramatic—and slated to start a lifelong romance between you and your Ford—you and your clothes. On this and the following pages—David Crystal's Roma Red Collection—costume suits specially designed by four famous Italian designers—excitingly styled to complement the clean, crisp lines of the Rome-honored 1961 Fords.



FASHION FORD FOR '61

ROME
LOVES
FORD
LOVES
ROME

Shown: The *Galaxie Club Victoria* by Ford photographed in Rome's glorious Piazza Navona—and a perfect match for its classic splendor. A brilliant car for a brilliant woman—it combines purity of line with wonderful new ways to take care of itself. You'll be freed from many service stops for it normally travels 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications, 4000 miles between oil changes . . . *never* needs to be waxed. With the Galaxie—*Fontana of Rome's* late-day brocade—a brilliant suit for a brilliant woman—its fashion impact stems from zingy color, lush fabric, sophisticated cut.

David Crystal's Roma Red Suits (under \$100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Halle Bros., Bramson, and Harzfeld's.





ROME
LOVES
FORD
LOVES
ROME



ROMA RED — FIRST

THE NEW BRILLIANCE—THREE WAYS TO GLOW Photographed by the fabulous fountains of Villa D'Este—three blazing beauties that may well be the Fashion Fords in your future. Two from David Crystal's Roma Red Collection, the third—Ford's '61 Sunliner—a dazzling expression of the Classic Ford Look.

This page: Back view of the *Sunliner* and proof that a car can be totally glamorous yet totally practical. Note the beautiful Big Circle Taillights, the sculptured rear deck, the widened trunk lid—newly designed not for style alone but to make the loading easier. With the Sunliner—*Fernanda Gattinoni's* wool jersey proof that a suit can combine endearing young charm with a sleek and worldly look: shaped jacket tops easy skirt with rounded hips. Both car and costume generate tremendous fashion power.



FASHION FORD FOR '61

Above: The Nth degree of car style and automotive excellence. Like all the '61 Fords—the *Sunliner* vetoes hills, bumps, makes the road a stretch of velvet, parks more easily than ever. Top goes up with a gentle thrust of the lever . . . fits like a glove to seal out all unpleasantness of weather. The costume here: *Antonio De Luca's* ribbed knit suit—instant cure for fashion lethargy. Its go-and-glow Rx: vibrant color, slow-curved jacket, dome skirt with extravagant pockets.

David Crystal's Roma Red Suits (under \$100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, Rich's, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Bramson, Harzfeld's, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Kaufmann's, D. H. Holmes, Hutzler's, Halle Bros., Vandervers, Miller and Rhoads, and Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.



ROMA RED — FIRST

THE NEW BRILLIANCE—BY DAY—BY NIGHT As magnetic in the morning as on soft-focus nights—the radiant beauty of Roma Red—the Rome-honored beauty of the Classic Ford Look.

Above: *Ford's Galaxie Club Victoria* photographed by the fountain near Santa Maria in Trastevere. Part of what makes the Classic Ford Look—the beautifully proportioned front-end design, the grille that's a fretwork of gleaming metal, the straight lines of the hood that let you see the world unobstructed. With the Galaxie—*Eleanora Garnett's* whirl-skirted wool—young as the sunlit day in Rome—yet radiating a cosmopolitan elegance. Jacket covers matching putover blouse.

ROME
LOVES
FORD
LOVES
ROME





FASHION FORD FOR '61

Above: The inside story of *Galaxie*—the late-day story of *Roma Red*—here, cooled to a hot pink. Spacious, gracious—the '61 Galaxie is beautifully built to take care of you. Deep-foam front seats, richly covered, are angled for riding/driving comfort. Wide wide doors help solve the problem of narrow-skirted entries, exits. About to exit: *Fontana's* three-piece dinner suit of luxe silk brocade—newest answer to late-day doings anywhere in the U. S. A.—or for dining as here at Rome's fashionable Ristorante Tre Scalini. Under the deep-collared jacket—a wide-strapped décolleté top.

David Crystal's Roma Red Suits (under \$100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Harzfeld's, Miller and Rhoads, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Bramson, Kaufmann's, Rich's, Hutzler's, Halle Bros., Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. For other fine stores see page 8.

SANDRA SAGE loves the beauty fiber with the built-in radiance, shapes it in American Beauty, emerald, sapphire, champagne or black. In "Royale" by Mural Fabrics. Sizes 5-15, 6-16. Costume, about \$69, higher in the West. At Rosenfelds, Baton Rouge; Bramson, Chicago; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; The Union, Columbus; Neusteters, Denver; Himelfoch Bros. & Co., Detroit; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Best Apparel, Seattle & Portland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



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in the spotlight?*

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"ACELE"
ACETATE

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Because you love nice things
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a new luxury has come along.....

This sumptuously deep pile fabric coat is like no other—ever. A new Celanese fiber, Darvan nytril, makes it an elegant beauty. Incredibly warm and soft—to touch is to believe—no fabric pampers you more. To wear proudly, casually, because Darvan creates a luxury that endures, an opulence that rests lightly on your shoulders. Styled with largesse by Russell Taylor for Annis Furs in Borg's pile fabric of 100% Darvan nytril. Superb in white, beige, or brown. In 8 to 16, about \$90.

Darvan...a new *Celanese* contemporary fiber

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San Francisco.....Joseph Magnin & Co.
Scranton.....The Globe Store
Wash., D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop

Celanese® Darvan®

A woman with short, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a white, double-breasted coat with large buttons. She is holding a white, wide-brimmed hat with both hands in front of her. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

DARVAN



Evans the master furrier... delivers potent fashion appeal in this relaxed wrapcoat
in the new, fascinating brown shade... **ROCOCCO-DYED***

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add to the vital and irresistible harmony of line, shape, color! \$1295 plus tax



HAT: AMROSE DRESS: KIMBERLY PHOTOGRAPHED AT IMPERIAL HOUSE

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MEIER & FRANK, Portland and Salem, Ore. + YOUNKERS, Des Moines, Ia.



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Each precious jewel from Van Cleef & Arpels
proudly bears this honored signature as a guarantee
of quality, an emblem of elegance, a symbol of
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*There's
one stocking
that fits so well
it almost stays up
without garters.
Its name is
Round-the-Clock.*

You just can't walk up to a counter and buy them. First a Round-the-Clock salesgirl (trained in the stocking Sorbonne) records a card full of facts about you and your legs. Next, she prescribes the one stocking that fits from ankle to thigh as well as toe to heel. In width as well as in length. Then you can buy them.

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES



the new lowered waist...from our designer collections...just one of hundreds of ways to look marvelous! Double-breasted coat in wool, plum or black, collared with natural ranch mink...misses' sizes, 300.00. Altman coat salon, third floor...Fifth Avenue, New York store fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs



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How MAX FACTOR Pan-Cake* Make-Up covers so naturally only your beauty shines through



1 PAN-CAKE glides on like a second complexion. Pick up a little with a moistened natural silk sponge and apply with light strokes.



2 Like magic, freckles, lines, blemishes seem to disappear. But after you cover your whole face, your natural beauty shines through.



3 Softly blot away the excess moisture and you're set for day or night. It's easy to be sure with PAN-CAKE Make-Up —made only by MAX FACTOR.

PAN-CAKE Make-Up is a miracle you can see happen. Right before your eyes it covers flaws but lets your natural beauty show through. Your complexion comes up silken smooth, flawless but always natural. *Feels* natural, too. Because PAN-CAKE is blessed with lanolin—positively guaranteed never to dry your skin. In 13 complexion-matched shades. \$1.75



*PAN-CAKE (TRADE MARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR'S CAKE MAKE-UP



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Shoes & Stockings

present "Air France"

fashion's newest color . . . a heavenly new taupe-in-a-mist

Peace Rose



bursts into glorious color on your lips
and starts the air humming with love

Peace Rose Lipstick in Rolling Mirror case, 3.50; Click-Change, 1.75. Nail Lacquer, 1.00. Cream Rouge, 2.00. Coordinated Make-up, 15.00.

Prices plus tax

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"If Eyes Were Made For Seeing, Then
Beauty Is Its Own Excuse For Being."
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This Christie Bros.

*Crown Russian Sable jacket
from their new collection recaptures
the artistry and craftsmanship
of an ancient Grecian masterpiece.*

Just one of many

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CLASSICS IN FUR



The Christie Bros.

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BY EMMETT BRIGHT



CLOTHES BY BILL BLASS, MAURICE RENTNER LTD.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION—GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

All new and newsy

Even the ladies of the press were impressed by all the news in the '61 Buick. "Dashing!" "Slim-as-a-pencil-stroke!" "Elegance on wheels!" . . . their raves about Buick's new Clean Look of action read like reports on the new Paris collections.

And comfort news shares the headlines with Buick's style news. Door sills are lower, doorways wider, floors far flatter. You can make grand entrances and exits without hiking your skirts or knocking askew

the most daring hat. Even your legs, feet and shoulders bask in glorious new freedom in Buick's bigger, plushier new Comfort Zone. And, thanks to a totally new frame and a clever new suspension, there's big news in Buick's new ride. It's *extra* smooth. *Extra* flat going around corners. *Extra* easy for a lady to handle.

If you'd like to make headlines, why not sit yourself in a '61 Buick? People will report such nice things about you, too.

full size '61 BUICK



THE LOOK FOR THE LANES


AMERICA'S FIRST DESIGNER COLLECTION FOR BOWLING...BY JEANNE CAMPBELL

From sea to shining sea, bowling takes over...and with it comes a whole new look for sports; soft, feminine with shocks of high voltage color. The Brunswick Corporation, world leader in recreation, went to Jeanne Campbell, America's outstanding young sportswear designer...asked her to create a collection of fashions especially for bowling—fashions exciting as the famous Brunswick bowling equipment. The exciting result appears on the next five pages...The Look for the Lanes—Brunswick.



Jeanne Campbell's frisky young bowling dress in tucked cotton rib knit; lightning yellow, turquoise, lilac, emerald, black, \$23 at leading stores. "Pixee" bowling shoes by Brunswick in tangerine, carnival red, turquoise, pastel blue, charcoal; Lady Brunswick bowling ball in marbled blue... at better sporting goods stores everywhere. Permathal® Everglaze® cotton knit by Alamac.

THE LOOK FOR THE LANES

 **Brunswick**



BOWLING IN...the excitement of a whole new category of sport clothes by Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl! Racy young culottes, nimble-gaited dresses in just-the-right-weight fabrics. Colorful new bowling shoes and bowling balls by Brunswick. So wonderful looking you might take up bowling (if you're one of the few who hasn't) just to have them in your wardrobe.



Left to right—Tucked cotton rib knit culotte, emerald, turquoise, lilac, yellow, Hothouse Pink, black, \$25—wool challis Paisley print dress, \$30. Wool jersey culotte, turquoise, lilac, yellow, emerald, cream, Hothouse Pink, orange, fuchsia, black, \$23; drawstring top, \$13. At leading stores. Brunswick bowling shoes at better sporting goods stores everywhere. Permathal® Everglaze® cotton knits by Alamac.

THE LOOK FOR THE LANES

 **Brunswick**



BOWLING IN...the happy flare of brilliant color (any color—especially Hothouse Pink!) Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl adds to the merriment of bowling with active young fashions made for America's favorite new sport...yet poised and pretty enough for a relaxed social hour after the game. Special bowling balls, shoes and tote bags all from Brunswick, are available at better sporting goods stores, everywhere.



Left to right—plaid wool "Saturday Night" dress with stole cover-up; Hothouse Pink, turquoise or white background, \$35. Three-piece suit of soft wool jersey; Hothouse Pink, turquoise, lilac, yellow, emerald, orange, cream, fuchsia, black—skirt, \$17; jacket, \$23; blouse, \$10. Wool challis dress with rosebud print, \$25. By Jeanne Campbell at leading stores. Permathal® Everglaze® cotton knits by Alamac.

THE LOOK FOR THE LANES

 **Brunswick**



Umpa
WORLD'S FINEST / DARK RANCH MINK

UMPA—United Mink Producers Association American dark ranch mink—world's best

Virginia Thoren

JOSEPH HORNE, Pittsburgh
HALE Bros., Cleveland, Ohio

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11 West 57th St., New York
40 rue la Boétie, Paris



Virginia Thoren

*Trade-mark MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

American mink—world's finest

TOURMALINE  brand, EMBA* natural pale beige mutation mink

in Canada T. EATON'S of CANADA
I. MAGNIN, California and Oregon
NEIMAN MARCUS, Texas

Revillon

11 West 57th St., New York
40 rue la Boétie, Paris



On February 7, a majestic new British ship makes the Pacific the world's most comfortable ocean!

P&O-Orient's new 40,000-ton S.S. Oriana sails February 7 from San Francisco on her maiden voyage to the South Pacific, Mediterranean, and Europe. Your fare: as little as \$15 a day!



ORIANA is the first of two new superliners to join the P&O-Orient fleet of 16 fast passenger liners. She was launched in November 1959, by Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra of Kent.

The 40,000-ton *Oriana* carries 638 first class and 1496 tourist class passengers. She is longer (804 feet) than two football fields. Yet she can sail *sideways* up to a dock as gently as you'd park a car.

Her cruising speed of 27½ knots cuts almost *two weeks* off the record time between the West Coast and Europe.

903 British seamen

Five minutes after you step aboard this remarkable new ship you'll know why the Pacific has suddenly become the world's most comfortable ocean. There are 903 British seamen on *Oriana*—almost one for every two passengers. You feel as

though you were on a private yacht. Teak decks are spotless. Paint and brightwork sparkle in the sunlight. A steward is never more than a finger's wave away.

Every first class cabin has its own private bath or shower, as do many in tourist class. All cabins are air-conditioned and

have radios. Some even have their own television sets.

Oriana is the first ship ever equipped with a complete closed-circuit television system that can pick up and rebroadcast Oriental, American and European programs with equal facility.

There are eleven passenger decks on *Oriana* with more things to do than you find in most fair-sized towns.

There is a fully equipped two-story theater—(A) on ship's diagram at right—for movies, television shows and concerts.

Oriana has three swimming pools (B) two in tourist and one in first class. There are five games decks (C) open to the gentle sun and trade winds for days of deck tennis, quoits, shuffleboard and cricket, and nights of starlit dancing.

In first class you can eat in a Grill (D) which has walls of silver coins and an open charcoal grill. Or in a magnificent

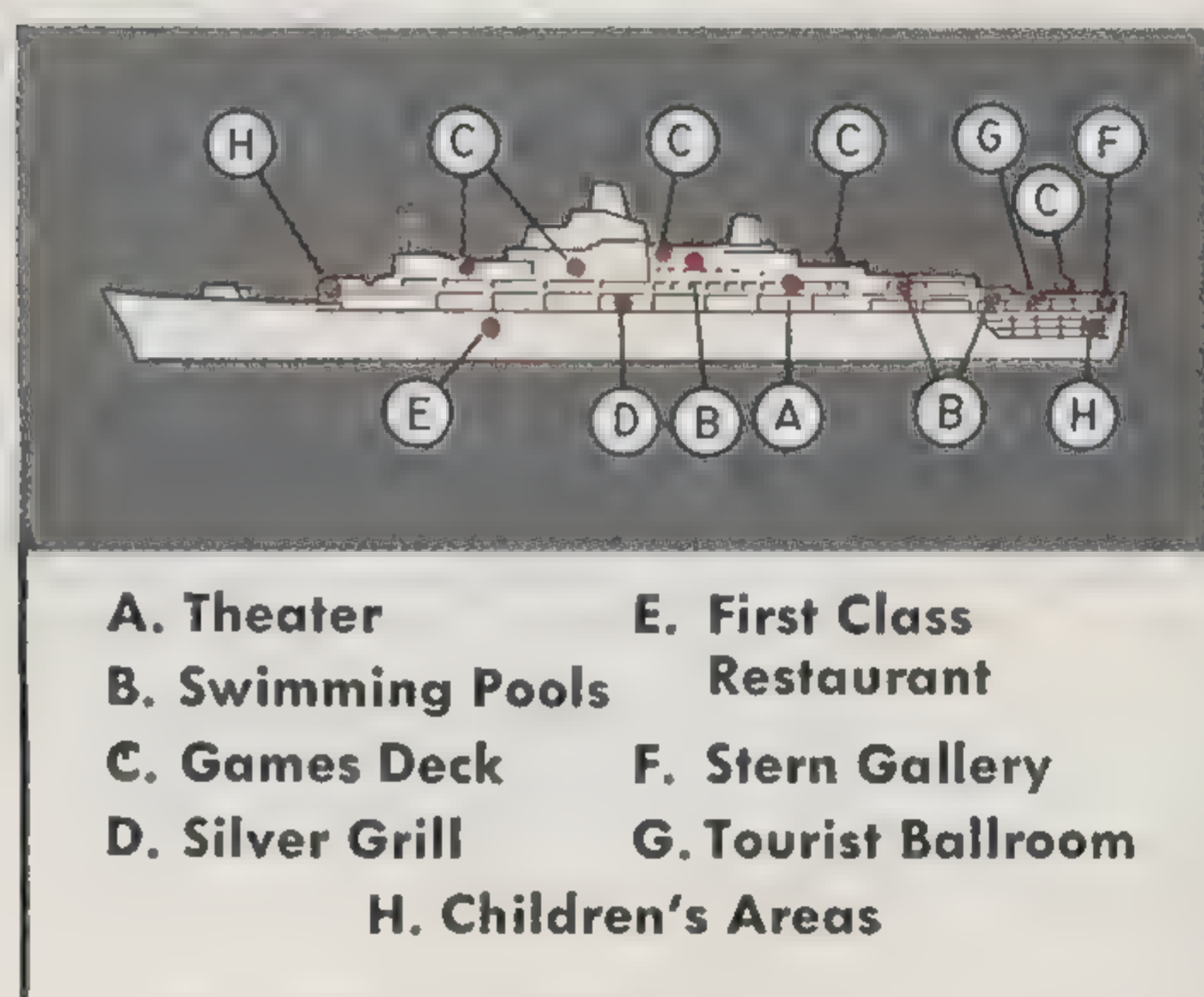


Kandy dancers at Ceylon's fantastic Temple of the Tooth.

RUN AWAY TO SEA—ON P&O-ORIENT LINES

Restaurant (E) paneled in Brazilian Rosewood and glowing silks from Thailand.

Probably the most spectacular lounge afloat is in *tourist* class on *Oriana*. The Stern Gallery (F) has a 130-foot sweep of windows looking out over the ocean. Just forward is a lovely 250-foot long ballroom



(G) that runs the full width of the ship and has its own orchestra.

Children have their own play decks and games rooms (H) supervised for you by English nannies.

How to plan your trip

You can explore some of the world's most fascinating places on *Oriana's* maiden voyage for less than you'd spend at a resort hotel—as little as \$15 a day!

The complete itinerary of *Oriana's* maiden voyage follows. Read it. Then

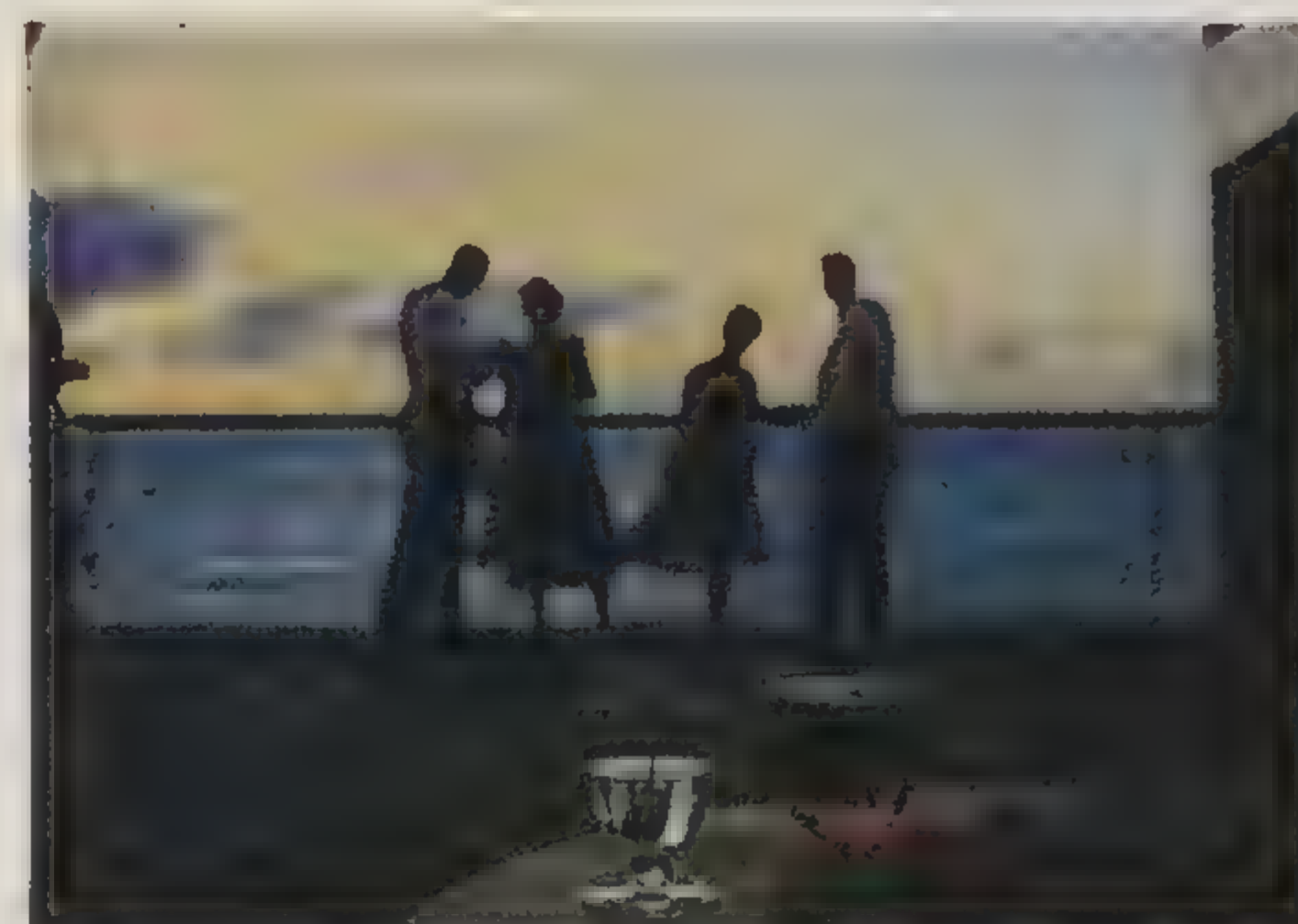
decide whether you want to make the entire trip or plan your own variations. For example, you could go as far as Australia, roam around that part of the world, and come home on another P&O-Orient liner. Or you could make the maiden voyage the first leg of a trip around the world.

Feb. 7: San Francisco. Feb. 8-9: Los Angeles. Feb. 13: Honolulu. Feb. 19: Suva, Fiji Islands. Feb. 22: Wellington, New Zealand. Feb. 25-Mar. 1: Sydney, Australia. Mar. 11: Colombo, Ceylon. Mar. 14: Aden. Mar. 17-18: Suez, through the Canal, Port Said. Mar. 20: Naples, Italy. Mar. 22: Gibraltar. Mar. 24: Southampton, England.

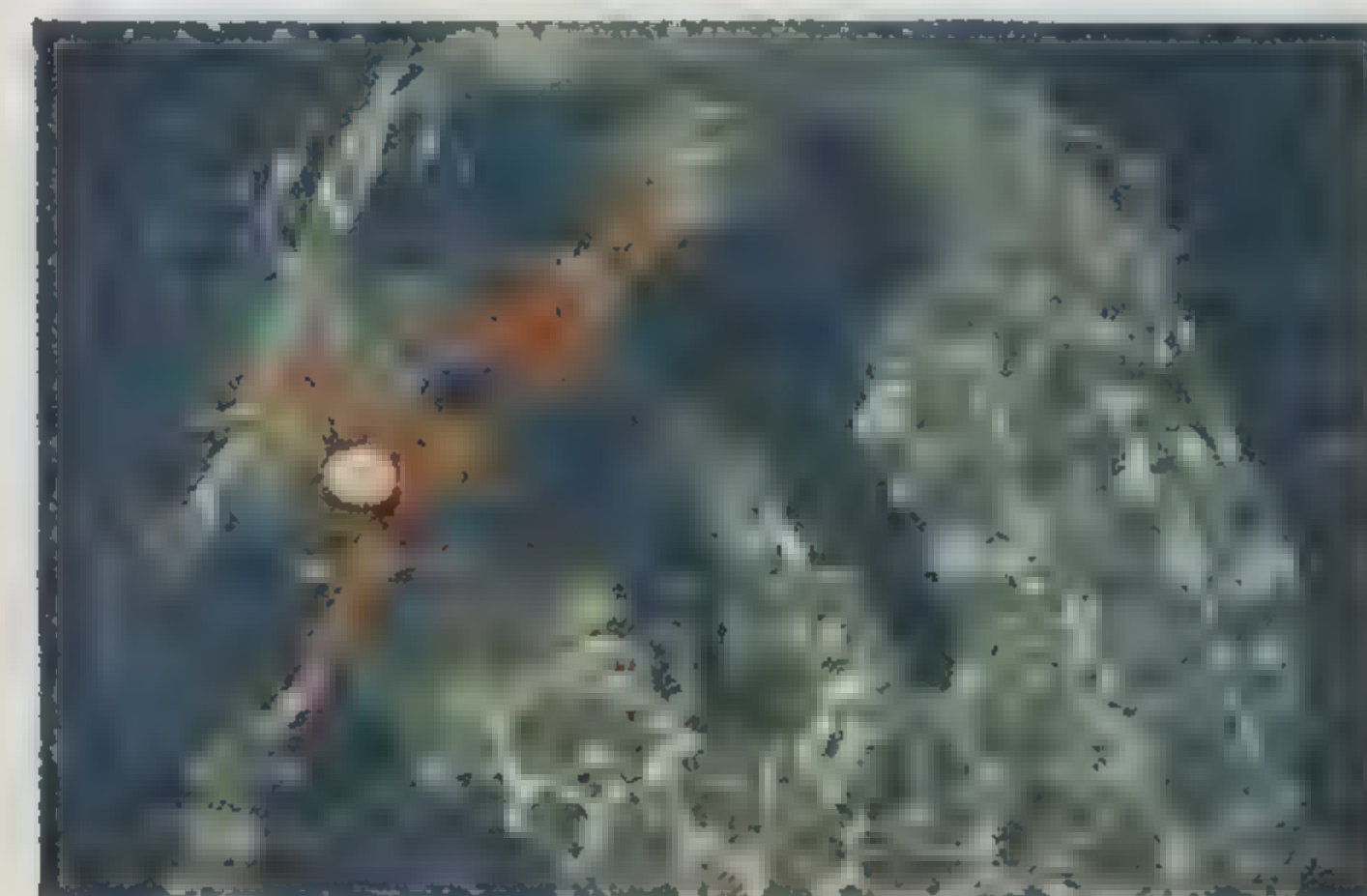
You can make the whole trip on *Oriana* for as little as \$15 a day! Fares for *Oriana's* maiden voyage from the West Coast to England range from \$731 to \$977 tourist class, and from \$1170 to \$2610 first class. You save ten per cent if you make a round trip on P&O-Orient. And the same saving



Oriana has five open decks for sun and games and moonlit dances.



"Sundowners" at a seagoing sidewalk café halfway between Fiji and Hawaii.



Three pools on *Oriana* brim with sparkling blue Pacific water.

applies if you fly back. Why not see your travel agent and start making your plans well ahead of time?

For free literature write: Dept. 10, P&O-Orient Lines, 155 Post Street, San Francisco 8. Branches: Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver. Elsewhere in the United States and Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



every fashion needs

a stocking all its own!

SHOES BY I. MILLER

Stockings, fabulous stockings—they're today's most necessary accessory. Take them tinted. Take them textured. Take them sparkling with 1,001 lights. Take them all—drawerfuls! Fashion says, "They complete your costume." You say, "What a feeling of chic." He says, "M-m-m-m-m." Need we say more!

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Umpa

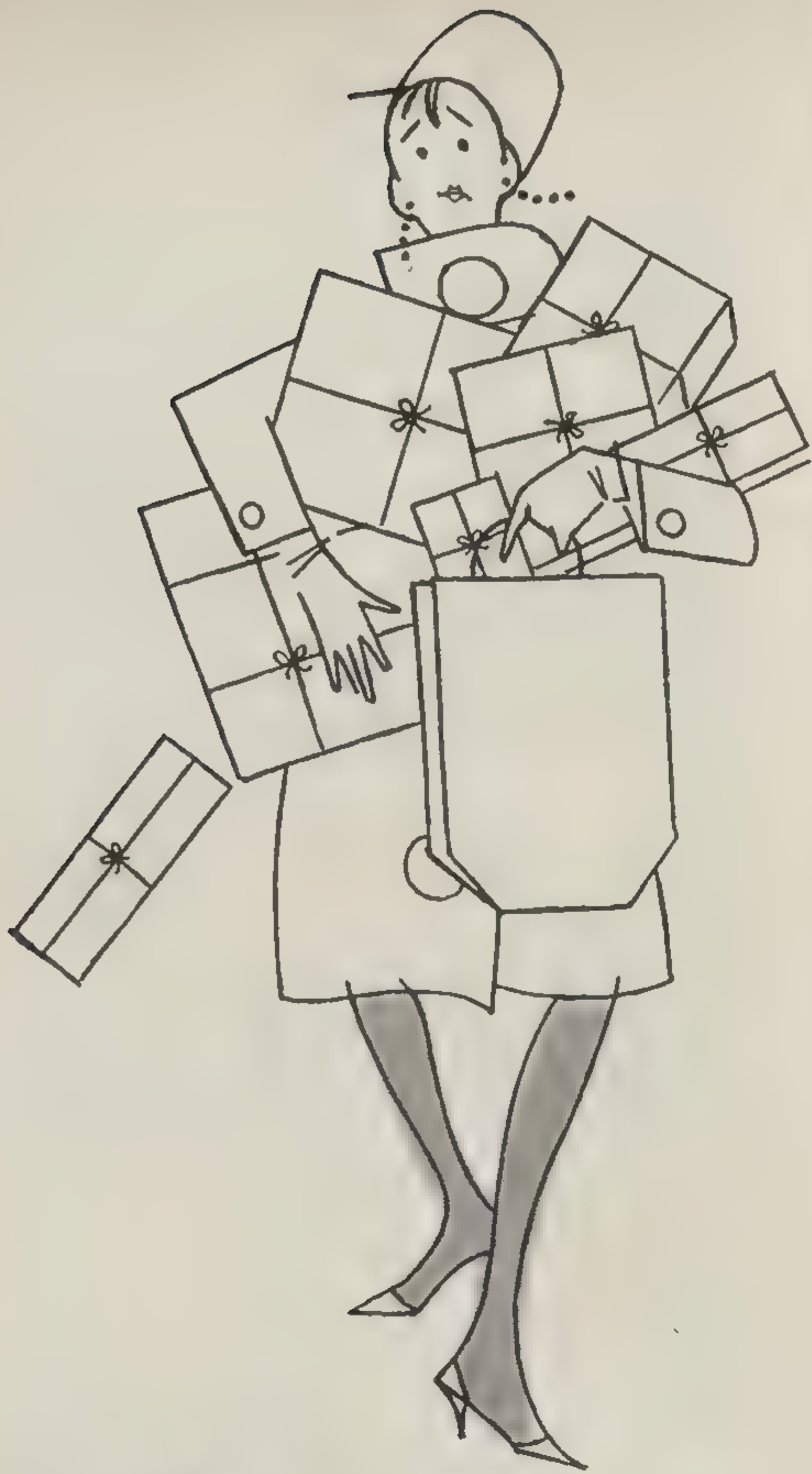
WORLD'S FINEST DARK RANCH MINK

UMPA—United Mink Producers Association American dark ranch mink—world's best Virginia Thoren

Swirling bias tiers of sumptuous UMPA dark ranch mink, unseamed into shimmering movement . . . so breathlessly beautiful . . . because it's American UMPA, the Aristocrat of all mink.

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archer's stand-ins support stockings will put life in tired legs!



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archer's agilon® stretch stockings will g-i-v-e as comfortably as your skin



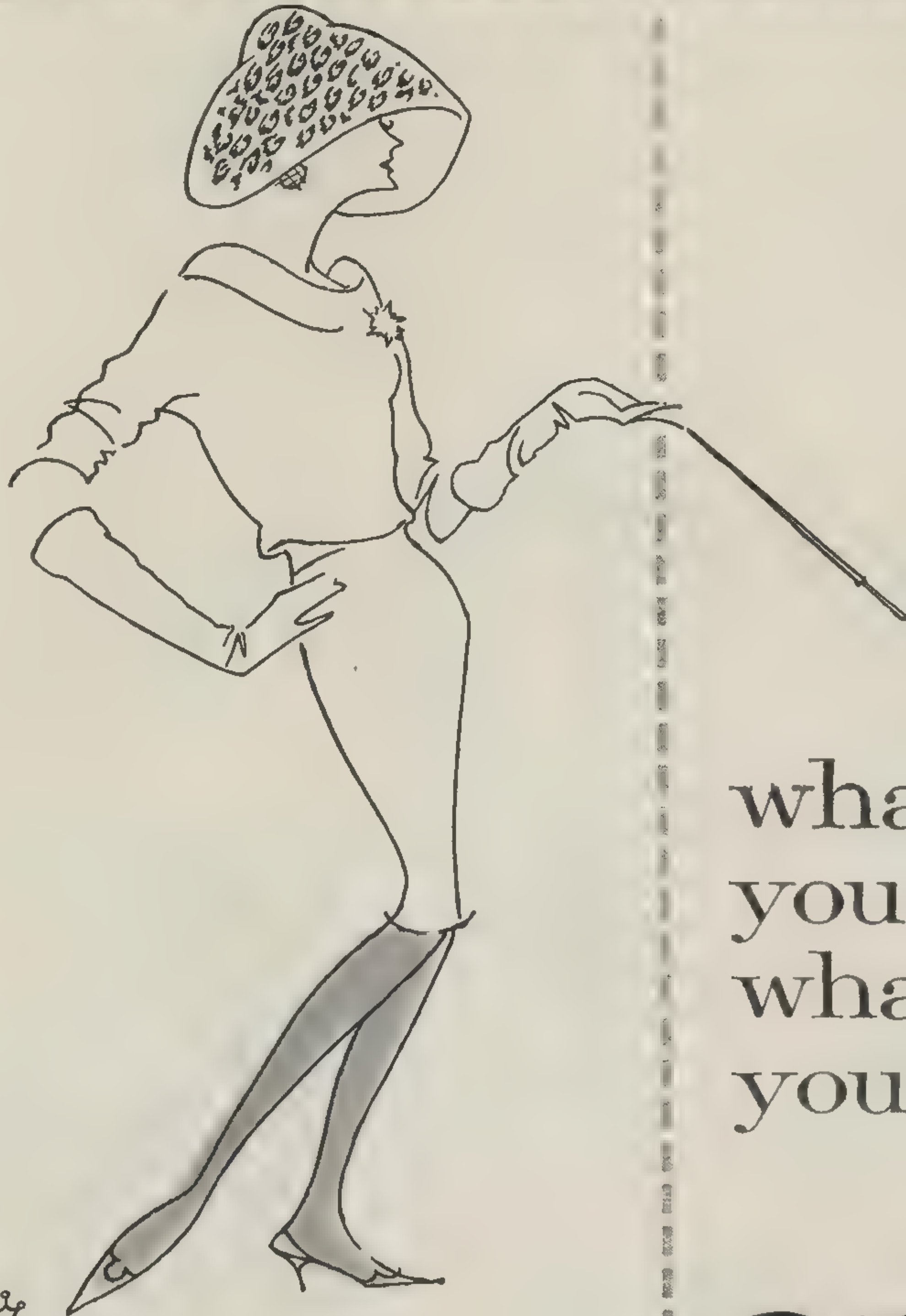
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you can carry your torch in long-wearing walking chifbons®



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when you insist on absolutely perfect colours, choose archer!

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your mood...
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AND HE'LL SAY



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...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



Imported from France

OH LA LA Perfume, \$40.00 to \$7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré,
Bath Powder, each \$5.00. Prices plus tax.

PARFUMS

CIRO



"Seated Nude" by Alberto Viani, a celebrated Venetian who brilliantly refines classic forms.

Italian sculpture— now at The Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts

For the first time in this country, there is an impressive exhibition of the work of twelve contemporary Italian sculptors—at The Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts. (The show will later travel.) Chosen by Douglas MacAgy, the Museum's director, the exhibition includes, besides the work here, pieces by Francesco Somaini, Pietro Consagra, Umberto Milani, and the brothers Arnaldo and Gio' Pomodoro. A big, massive, beautiful show.



"Figure Sam" by Franco Garelli of the Turin Academy (left); a man of complex experimental mind, Garelli distills his knowledge into lively work.

"Boy in the Sun" by Pericle Fazzini (below), a Roman whose delicate work is more representational than abstract.



(Continued on page 84)

The worldly
new look of

**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

... appeals to the
discriminating man who
prefers masculine
clothing that is not too
extreme in any direction.
Styling must be urbane,
mature, comfortable.

Shoulders must be
natural, without padded
exaggeration; the jacket
slightly shorter for
accentuated height;
trousers straight and
narrow for a youthful,
slimming effect. Tailoring
details must be
painstakingly meticulous
—the type that is

traditional at Hart
Schaffner & Marx where
craftsmen take an
old-fashioned pride in
every stitch. Look for
the HS&M label inside
the jacket. It has been

the symbol of
distinguished tailoring
for three generations
of discriminating men.
Today it is sewn inside
more suits than any

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in the

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wear **Flatterie**

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Parisian perfume

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she's irresistible!

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seamless stockings



New! 'Tree of Life Beauty Bath' for dry skin scents and silkens you all over

Scientific formula contains rich beauty oils that penetrate dry skin while you bathe

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, First Lady of Beauty Science, has created new 'Beauty Bath for Dry Skin'—to give your body *scientific* skin treatment *while you bathe*.

This rippling, golden formula is *drenched* with the same deep-penetrating oils and emollients that you find in Helena Rubinstein's rich beauty creams. And in this new *liquid* form,

they're greaseless as perfume mist!

One capful of 'Tree of Life® Beauty Bath' in your bath water, and the magic is done! *Instantly* your dry skin *revives* with softness. Chapped, flaky elbows, knees, the back of your heels—are smoothed to new silkiness. And *no trace* of oiliness on you *or* your towel! 'Beauty Bath' *penetrates* dry skin as no ordi-

nary bath oil can. Its delicious fragrance is luxury itself! *You are scented and silkened all over.*

Tonight, give your body the pleasure of Helena Rubinstein's 'Beauty Bath for Dry Skin.' At fine cosmetic counters. 3.00 and 5.00 plus tax. Helena Rubinstein®, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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Crescendoe



LIBRETTO \$3.50



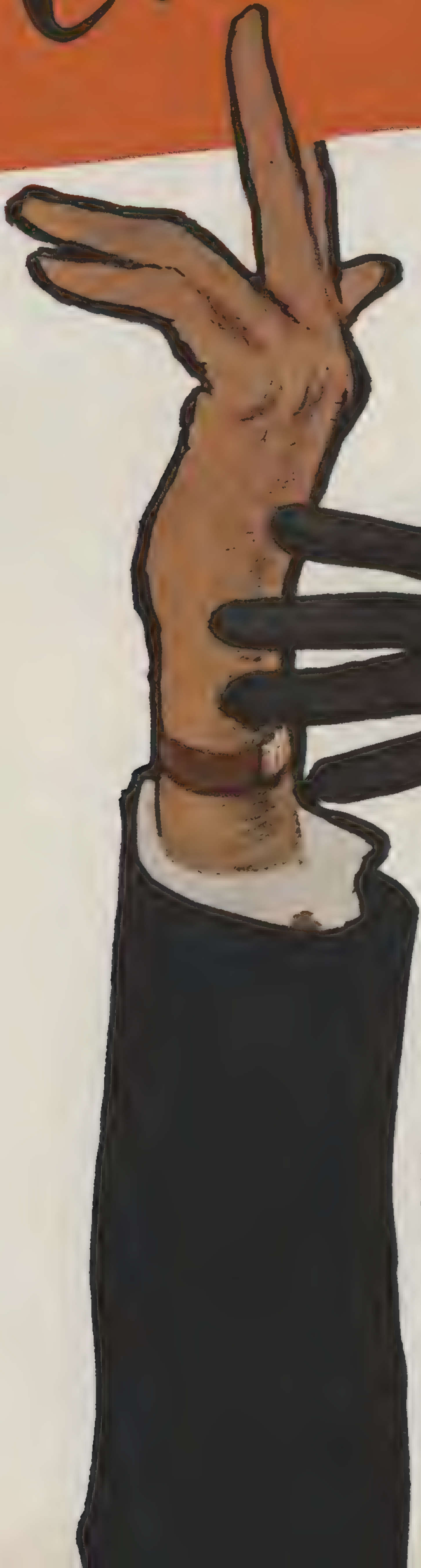
CHORISTE \$3.50



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Marvelous the way they fit, magnificent the way they flatter...to bring out the poetry of every motion of your hands. Gloves by Crescendoe...lovingly leather-tailored in the wonder-washing Wonder-fabric. In a veritable Crescendoe of colors, at your favorite fine store.

(HAVE YOU SEEN CRESCENDOE 'LEATHER GLOVES BY SUPERB'? FABULOUS!)

AMERICAN SUPREMACY IN MINK EMBA BRAND

Wherever you whirl around America or the whole world, all nations will hail this "Trotteur", so deftly sculpted by GLORIA for Stone & Stone in ARCTURUS* brand, EMBA* natural lavender beige mutation mink.

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Dresses—Hannah Troy Hats—Mr. John Photographed at Rockefeller Center by Virginia Thoren




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A touch on the button—and you scent yourself instantly, delightfully with true-rose fragrance. Hundreds of long-lasting, exquisite sprays just \$2 and \$3.25 plus tax. Also in: *English Lavender*, *'Bond Street'*, *April Violets* and *Flair*.

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Magnifique!

Made in Europe—corsetry for a few of the luckiest women in America

Such laces...such fabrics...such exquisite workmanship! But *not* for everyone, because only a limited number have been made, and they can never be made again. Only Warner's® could have created these couturière foundations and bras...designed in America for the American figure that all the world envies...fashioned of lavish French laces, gossamer power net from Switzerland, the finest jacquard elastic from England...painstakingly stitched together by Sweden's most experienced seamstresses. Each is a treasure—made for the most beautiful clothes of the season, the most splendid events!

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SO GRACEFULLY MODERN... SO OBVIOUSLY STERLING! When you first look at Sentimental* you know you'll never tire of its graceful beauty. Heirloom specializes in the kind of modern simplicity that stays young forever. Because sterling itself is forever young! In fact, it grows *lovelier* the more you use it! Be sure to see *all* the modern simple Heirloom* patterns. 4-piece place setting (illustrated) \$26.50. Federal tax included. Ask your favorite sterling dealer to tell you *how you can save on complete services* for 4, 8 or 12.



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a hint of fire...*

Vintage hues by **CUTEX**®

From Mediterranean hillsides, the warm, mellow tones of ripening grapes . . . the flash and fire of a fair Italian contessa. Cutex captures both the colors and the mood in its thrilling new "Vintage Hues" for your lips and nails. Wear Cutex "Tawny Port" for a smoldering bronzy look. Wear "Ruby Grape" when you need a red that's rich and luscious. It's a vintage year for color . . . and Cutex brings you the choicest reds of all!

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Want the merest waft of restraint? It's easy! Choose the spray so gentle even a tricky, new style is a breeze. You little ole softie, you!

only Helene Curtis Spray Net® gives you the sister sprays
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Synthetic Sapphire crystal.

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Fur-lined hit out of town

One of the hit couples around for Sunday lunch in the country: this wheat-coloured cardigan coat, fur-ly lined, and the matching sleeveless dress. Coat and dress of knitted wool; coat lined in Orlon pile. Climaxing the look, a fur sphere of white, beige, and brown llama. The coat and dress by Richard Cole, about \$110. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Al Rosenthal. Hat shown here, by Piñata Party.

ESTHER LARSON



Du Pont
finds our new

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Satin de Lys[®]
lingerie

"woven with
all the luxury
in the world
and washed
without a care
in the world."

...a joy
to behold
and so will
you be!



***Behold . . . the new satin lingerie of
Du Pont Nylon, "Dacron"® and silk***

POLYESTER FIBER

woven with all the luxury in the world—washed without a care in the world!

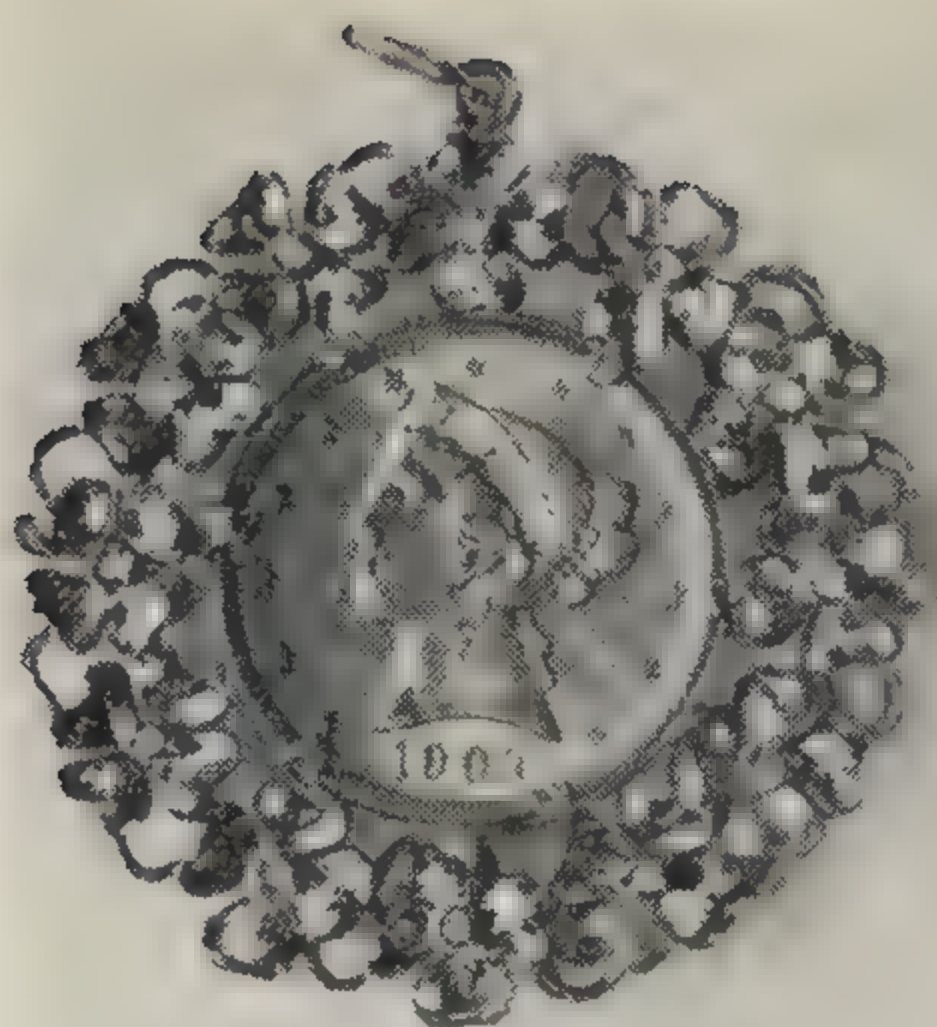
Sumptuous and luscious as only satin can be—but now Du Pont nylon and "Dacron" polyester fiber blend with silk to give you this lingerie luxury with none of luxury's care. Livable, wearable, washable—with scarcely the need of an iron! Discover this new carefree elegance today—in pajama sophisticates enriched with lace as portrayed here. In black, dawn blush, champagne or blue. Sizes 9 to 13, 12 to 18. About \$15. At better stores everywhere.*



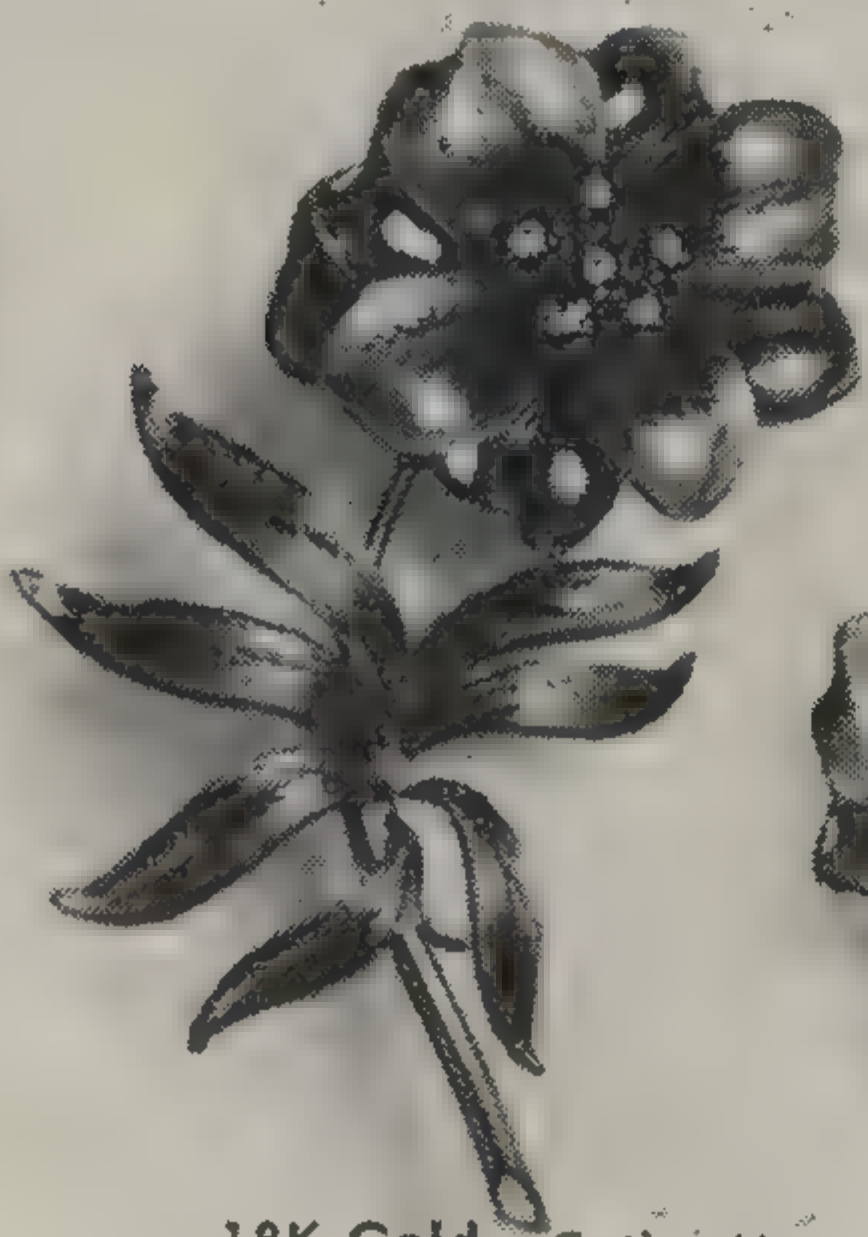
*Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or lingerie shown here.

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OUR OWN ITALIAN IMPORTS
HANDCRAFTED IN 18K GOLD



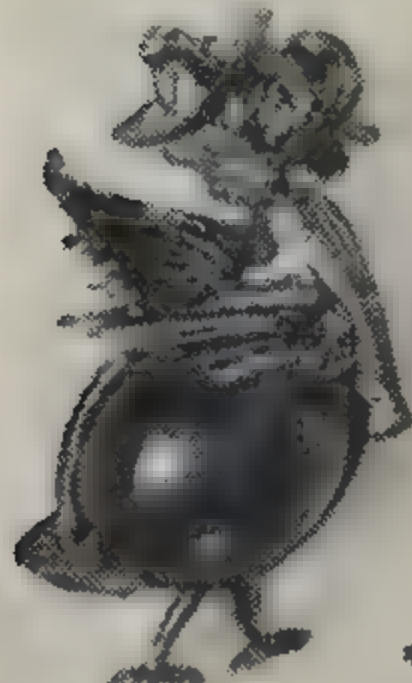
18K Gold Coin Holder, Sapphires and Rubies, both sides, incl. U. S. \$5. Indian Head, \$66.50 (with your own coin) \$49.50



18K Gold Brooch, 1 sparkled with six gen. Rubies \$48. matching Earrings \$60. pair.



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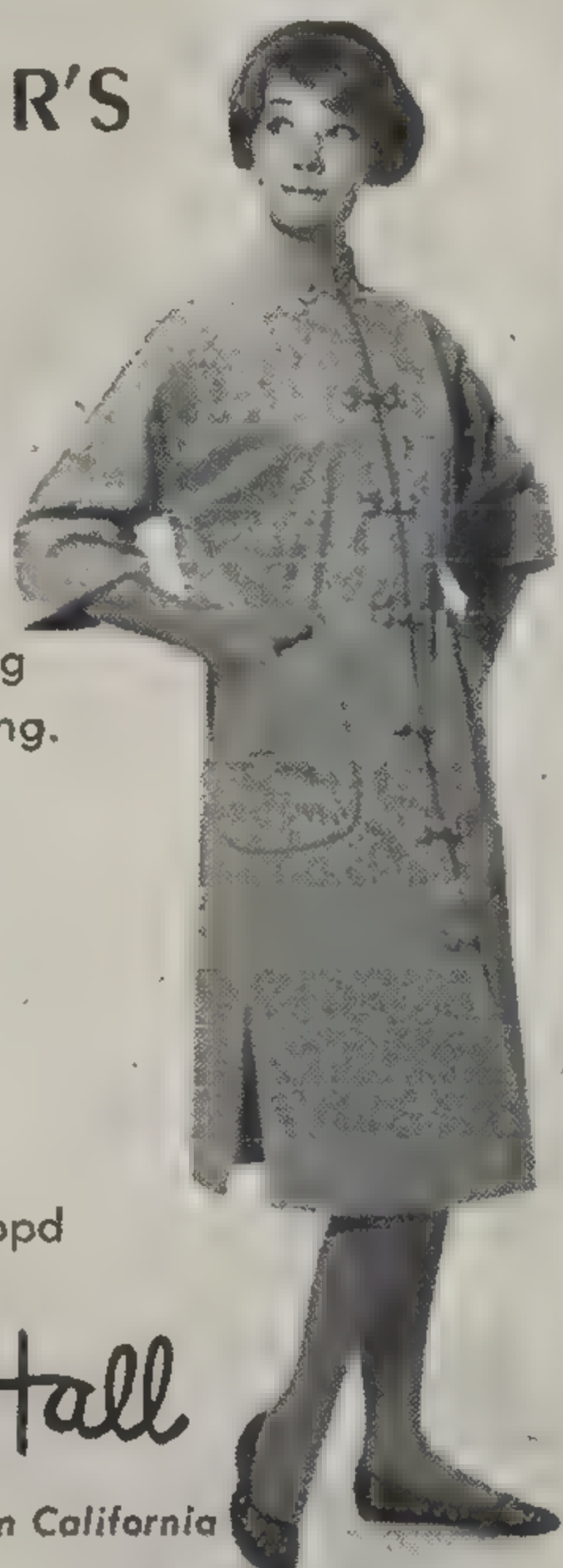
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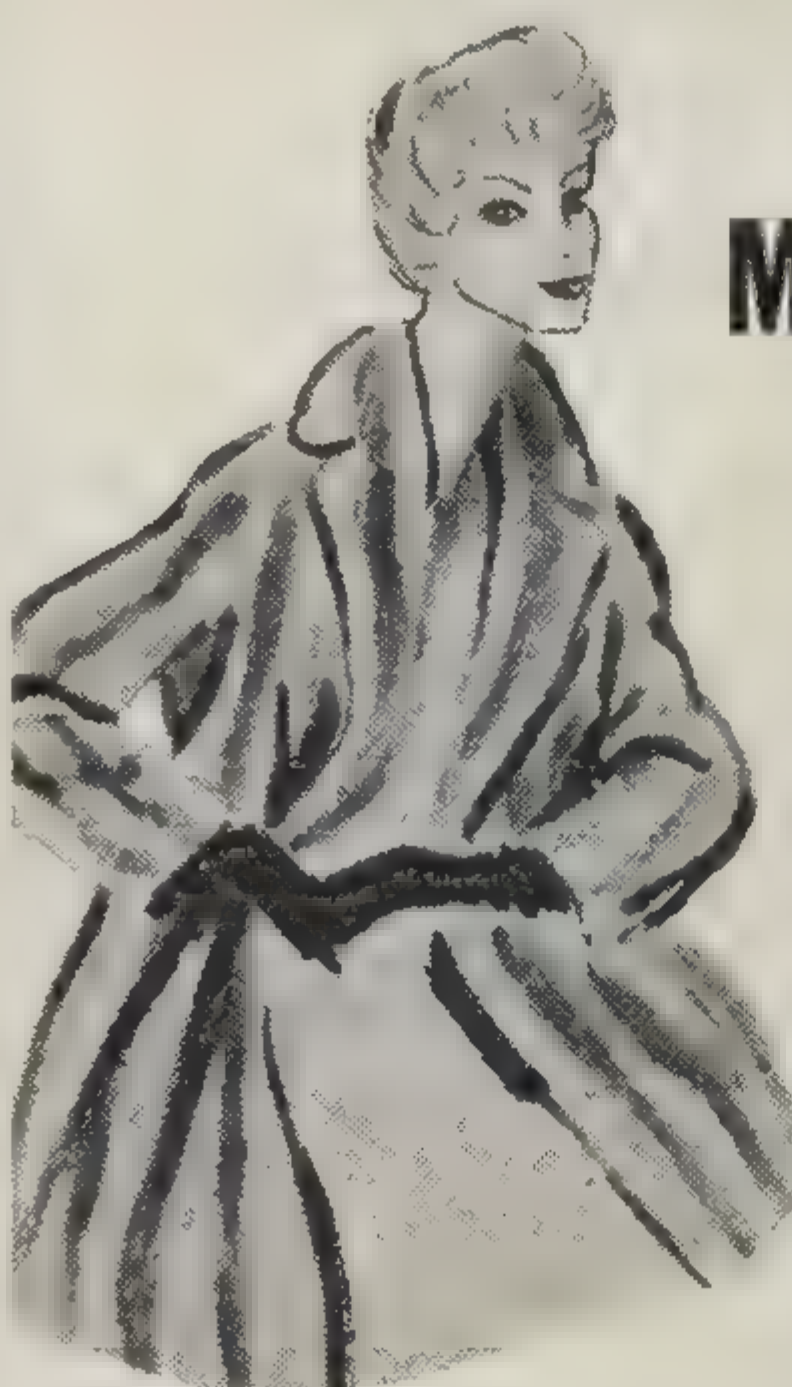
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New York 1, N.Y.



3



SKETCHES BY
EVELYN MARCIL

SHOP

... whistle stopping
the shops

1



1. The Gourmet Secretary: one book for recipes—filed, pasted or written out—one for menus, seating charts, addresses. Black and white or white and red; 8½" x 5". By Henrietta Gilbert; \$4 set, in slip case. Altman's, 361 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

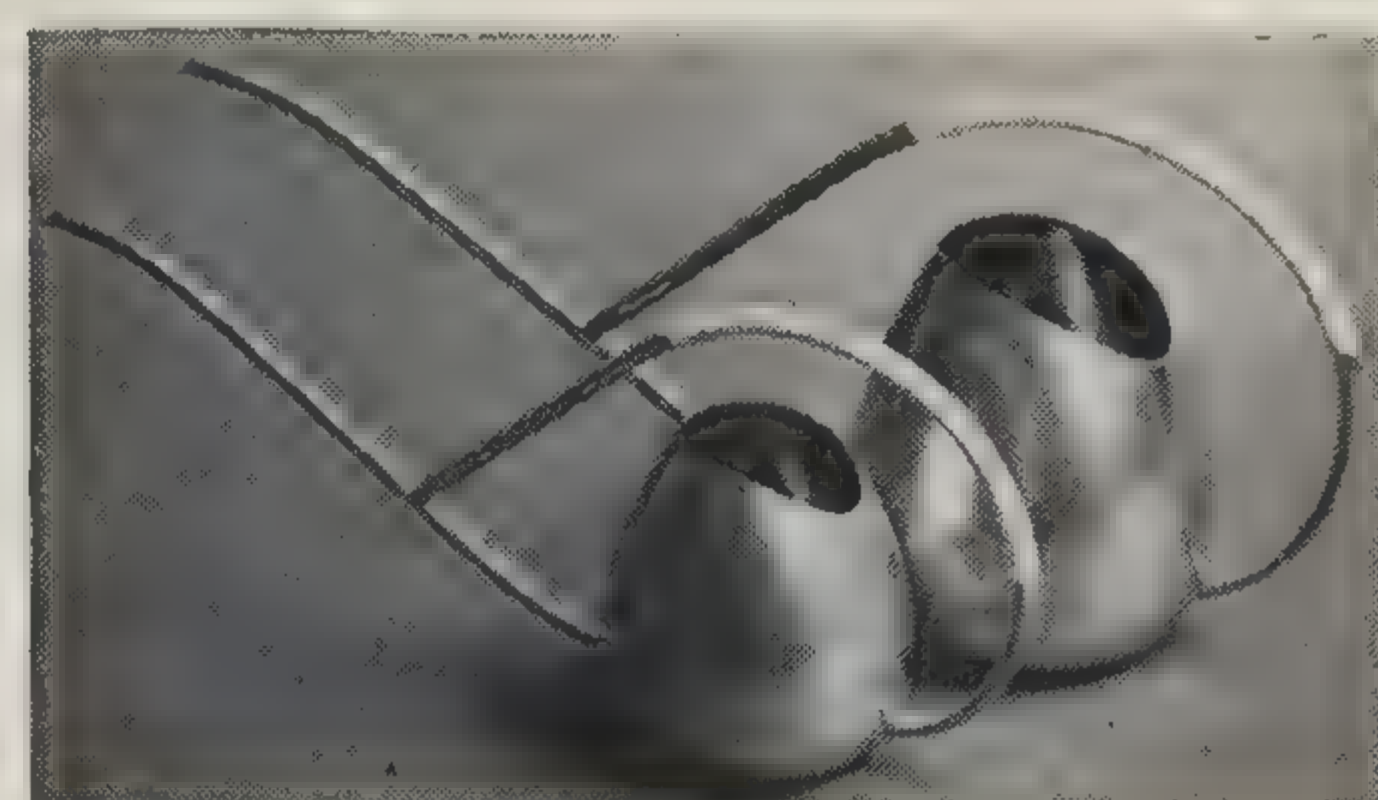
2. Wisteria and white: a cotton candlewick shirt in one of the softest of the new violine colours. The slim pants, of lilac wool. Shirt, 8 to 16, \$12.95; pants, 8 to 14, \$13.95. Tomas, 609 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

3. Silver-plated coffee filter: fill with coffee, fit over a cup, pour boiling water through it. Heavy silver plate on nickel. With saucer, \$11.85 tax inc., ppd. Christofle Silver, 55 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22.

4. A gingham train (each car a pocket) chuffs across the hem of this green denim smock. With buttons for wheels, fat cotton pellets for smoke puffs; gingham lining. Sizes 2, 4, 6; \$6.85 ppd. Gae Designs, 67-41 Burns St., Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

5. Far-reaching waterspouts: copper watering cans from West Germany. Brass spouts, plastic grips; 6" tall, \$6.50; 7½", \$8.95 (ppd.). Hoffritz Cutlery,

5



HOUND



6

331 Madison Avenue, N. Y.
6. Sleek, cheeky coiffure—very much of-the-moment. The hair, cropped slightly shorter in back, curves in tendrilly bangs and forward-falling cheek curls. V. George, 501 Fifth Ave., N. Y. (This salon is open until 8 week nights; Thursdays till 9.)

7. For the sandpile set: sturdy blue denim suit with red buttons and red stitching, worn here over a white cotton knit polo shirt. Suit, \$5.95; shirt, \$2.50 (both ppd.). Toddler sizes 2-3X. The Green Frog, 13 Christopher St., New York 14.

8. Pale pastel hearts—shoe trees for pointed shoes. Rayon satin, in peach, yellow, or blue. \$3.49 a pair. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N. Y.

9. Soft little fur hat, to scrunch down over the ears—perhaps to crush close at the crown. Black-dyed South American broad-tail-processed lamb. \$29.50 ppd., tax inc. Harold J. Rubin, 943 Madison Ave., N. Y.

10. Mourning dove, hand-painted with bright flowers, leaves. Beige tonala pottery, 10" long. \$9 ppd. From the Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21.

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8

SHANNON



10



9

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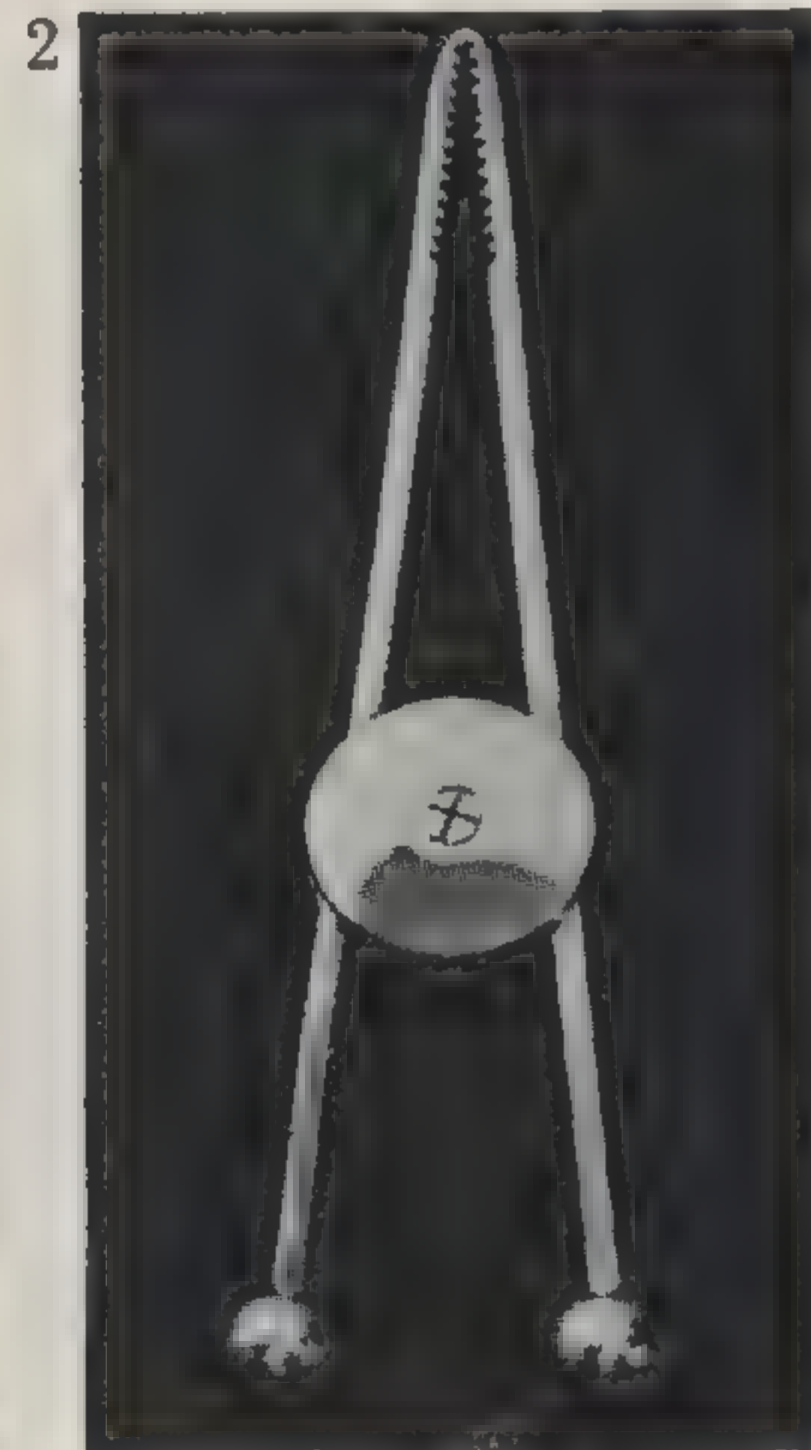
SHOP



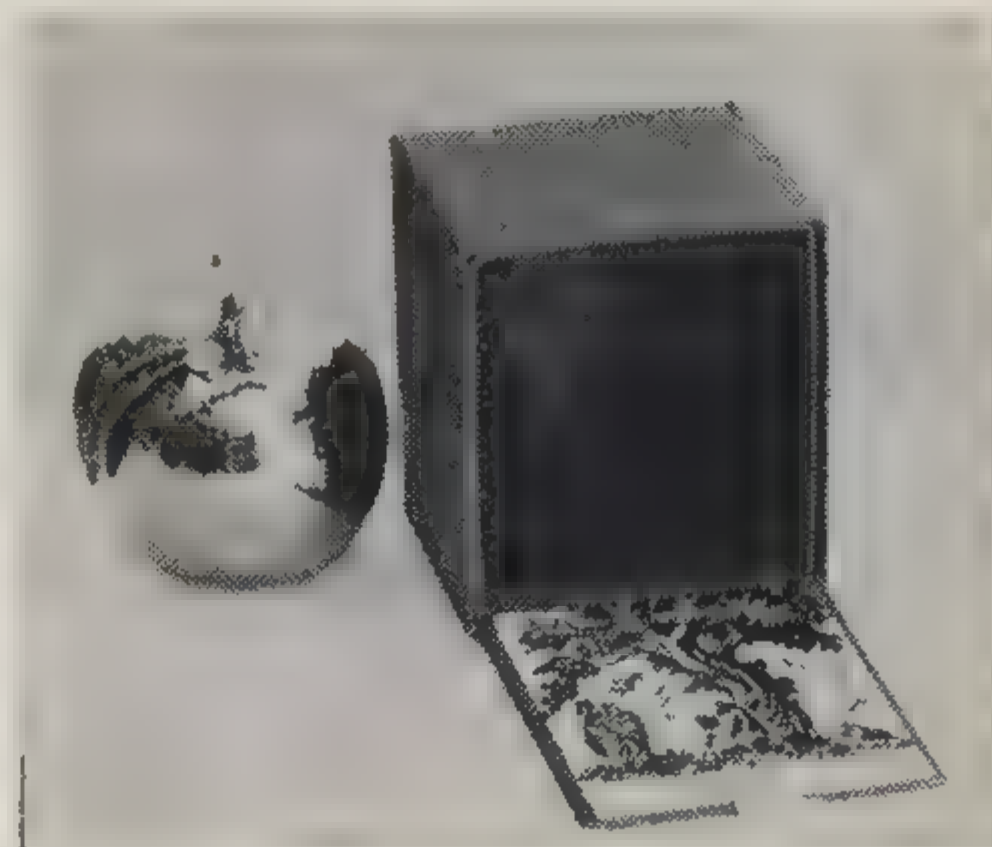
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3. Weighty golden apple for anchoring papers. Gift boxed; plated in 24-k. gold. By Lawson & Lawson; \$6. Hudson's, 1206 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



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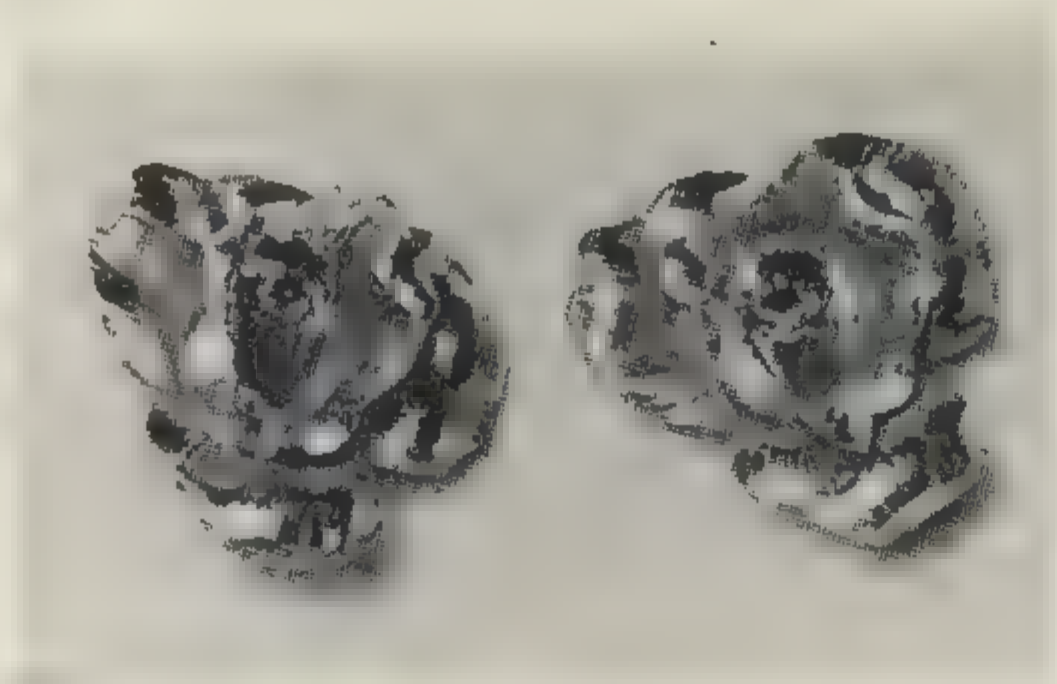
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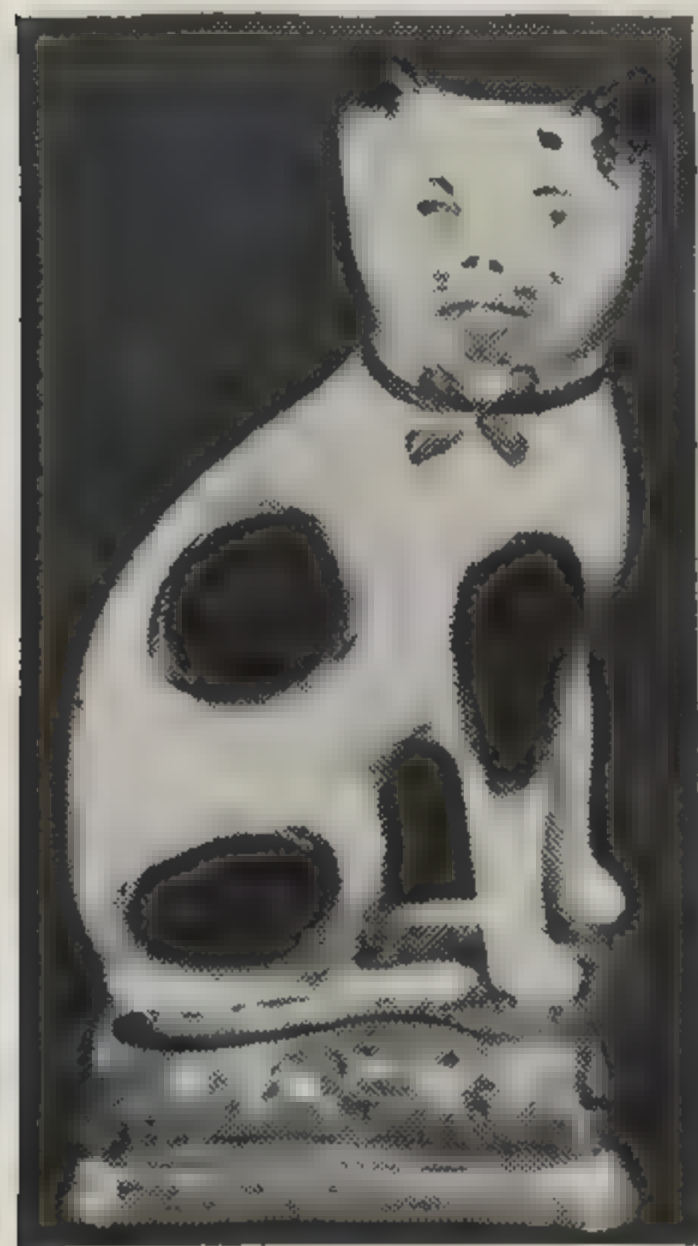
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EVELYN MARCIL

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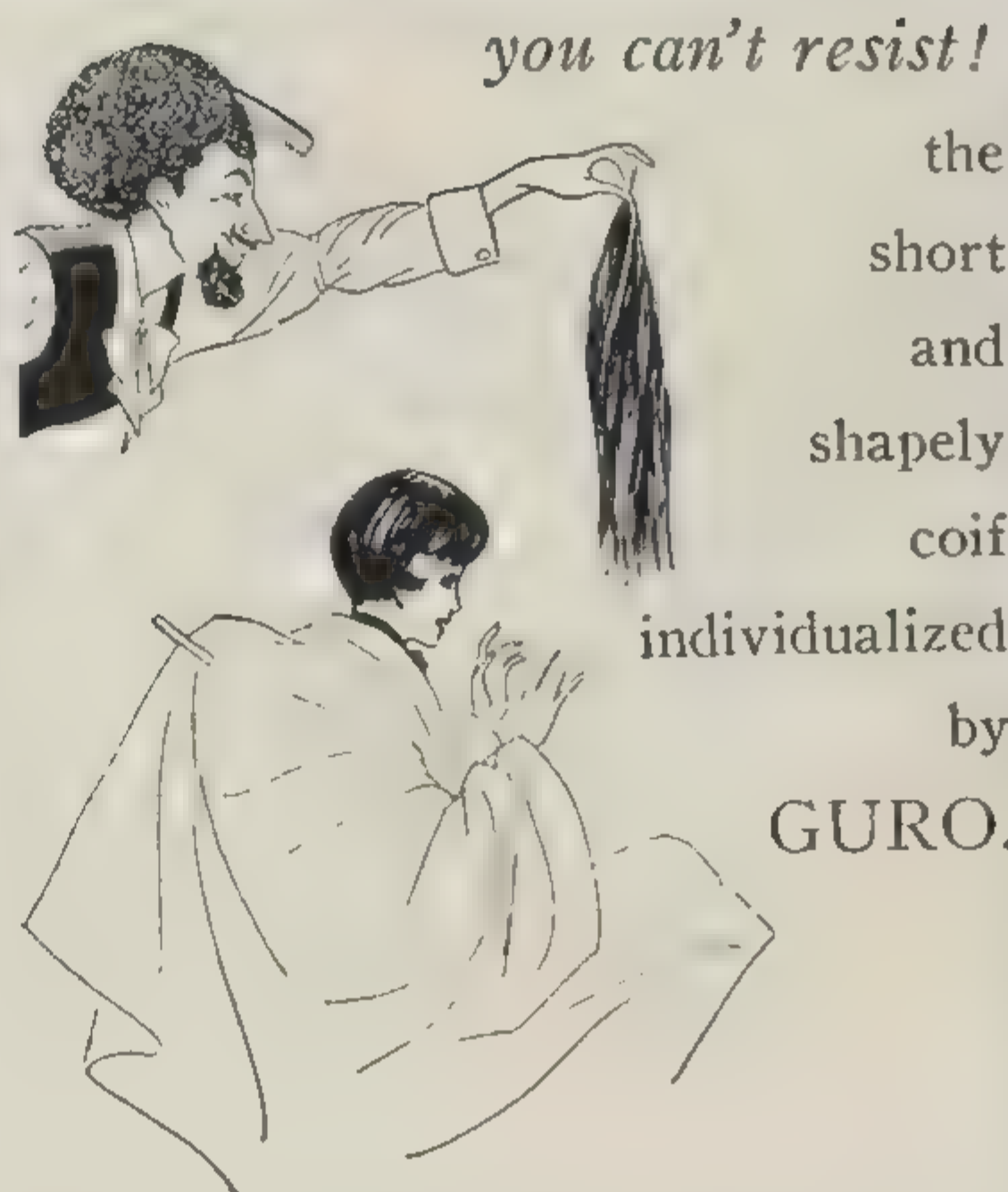
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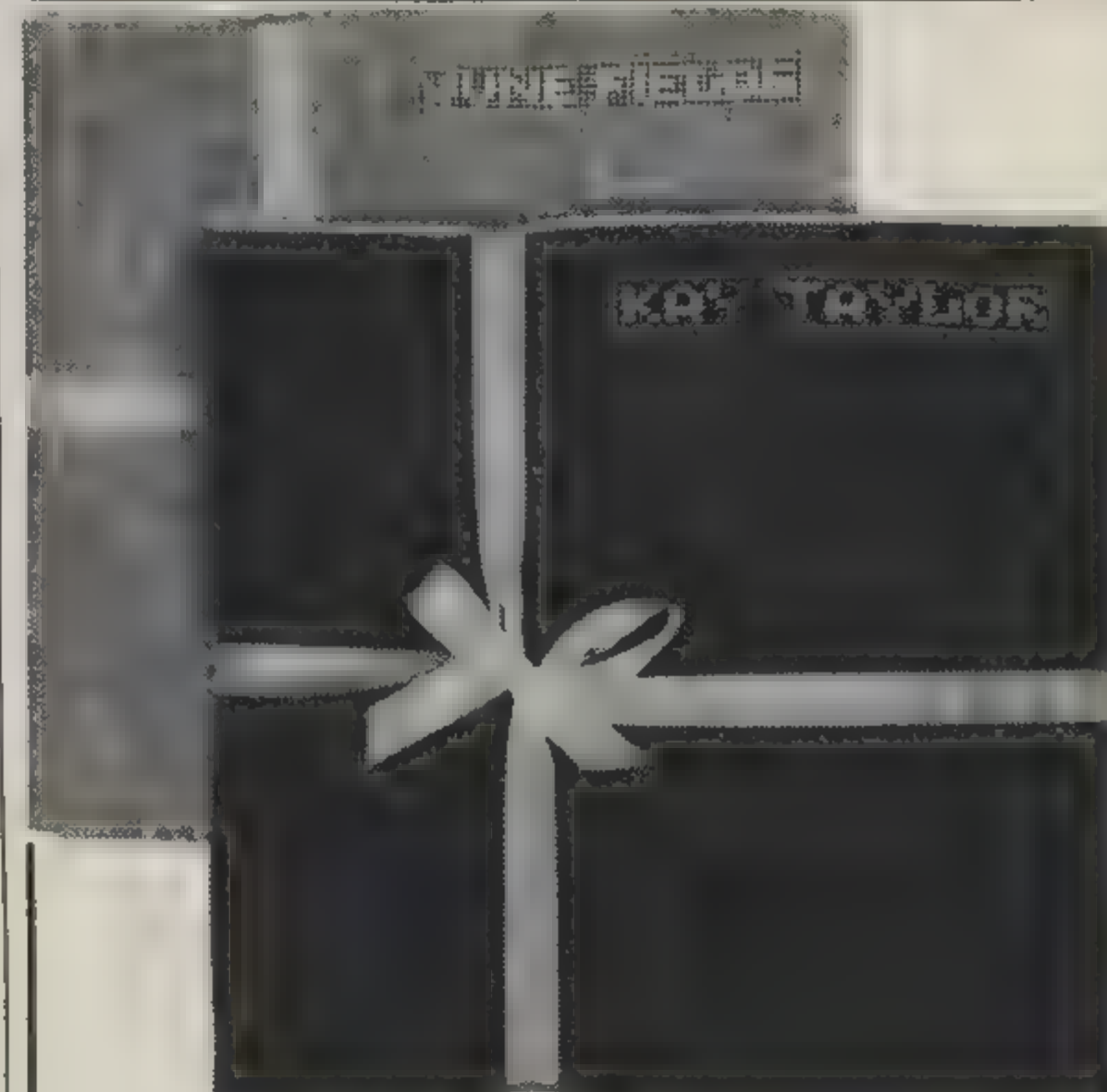
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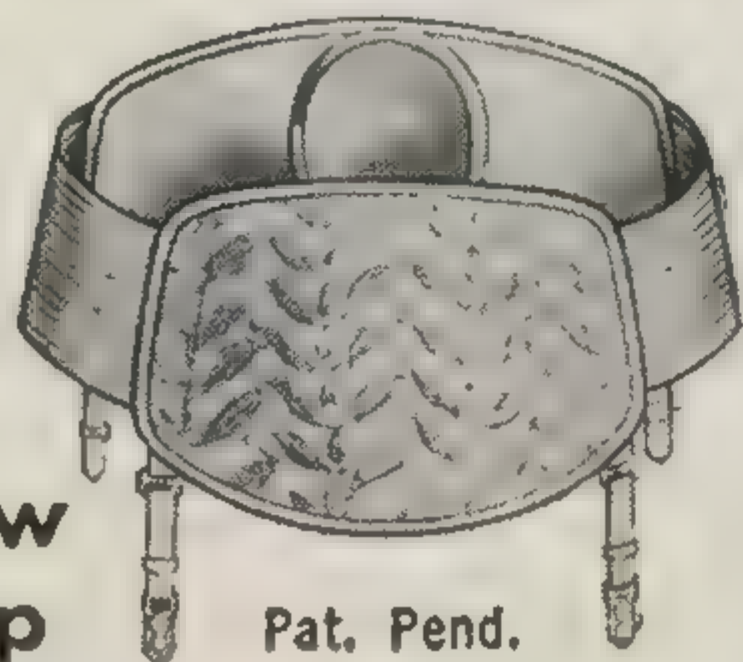
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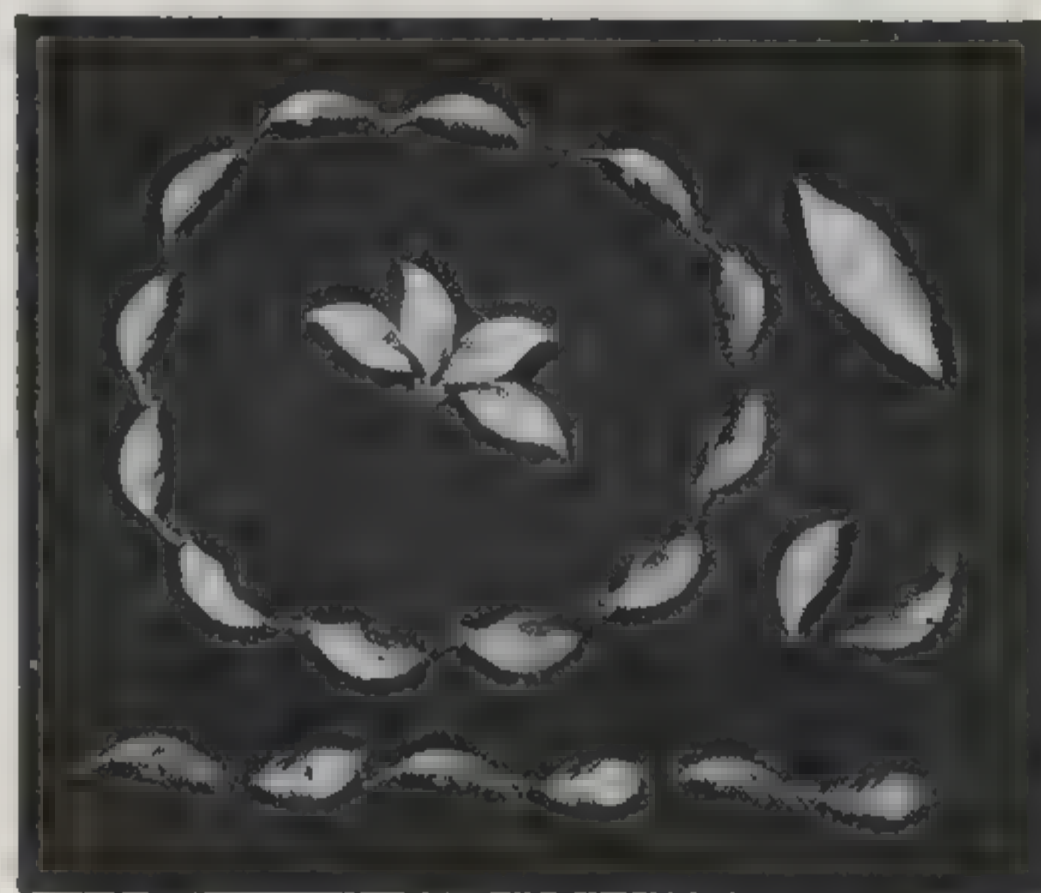
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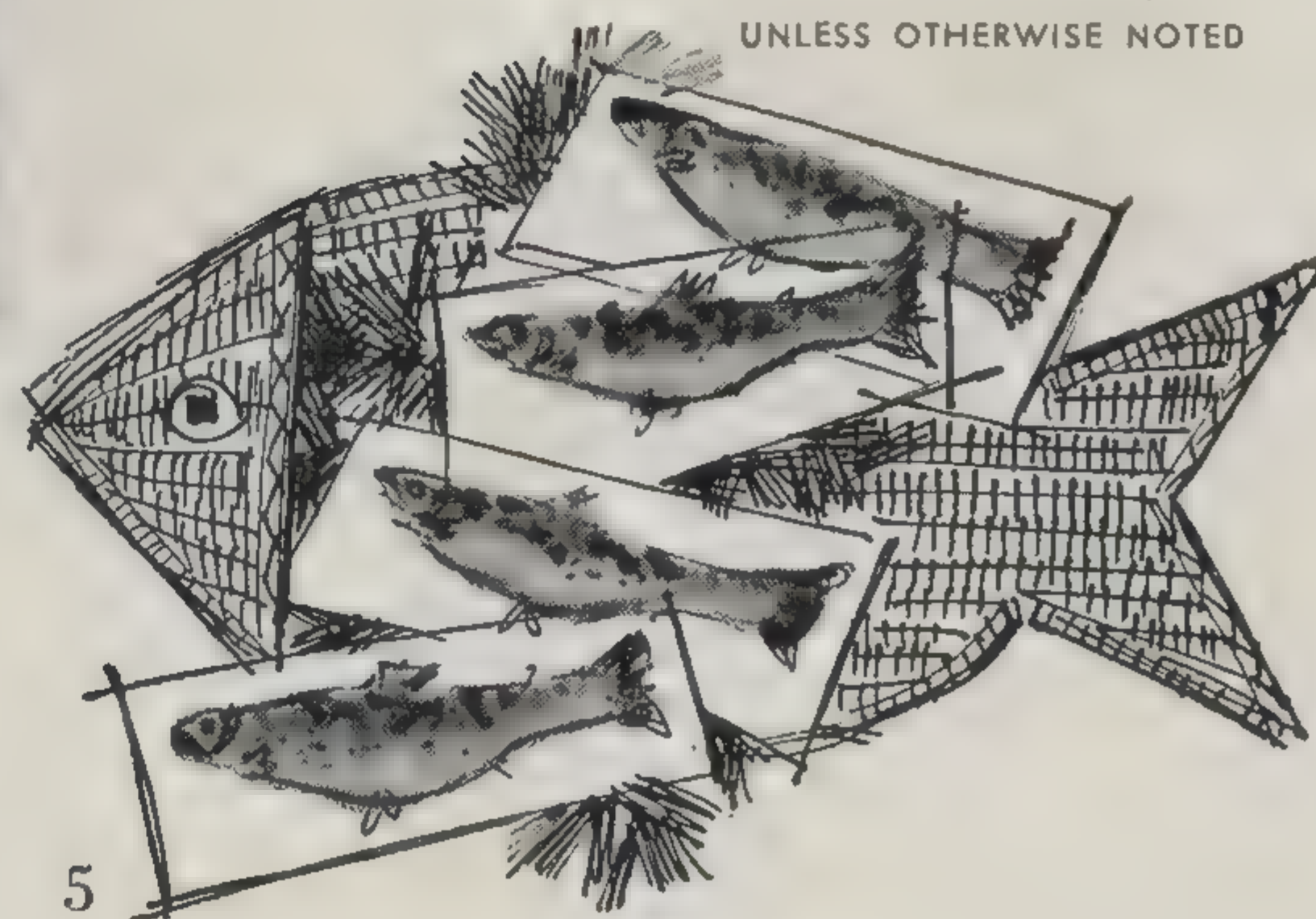
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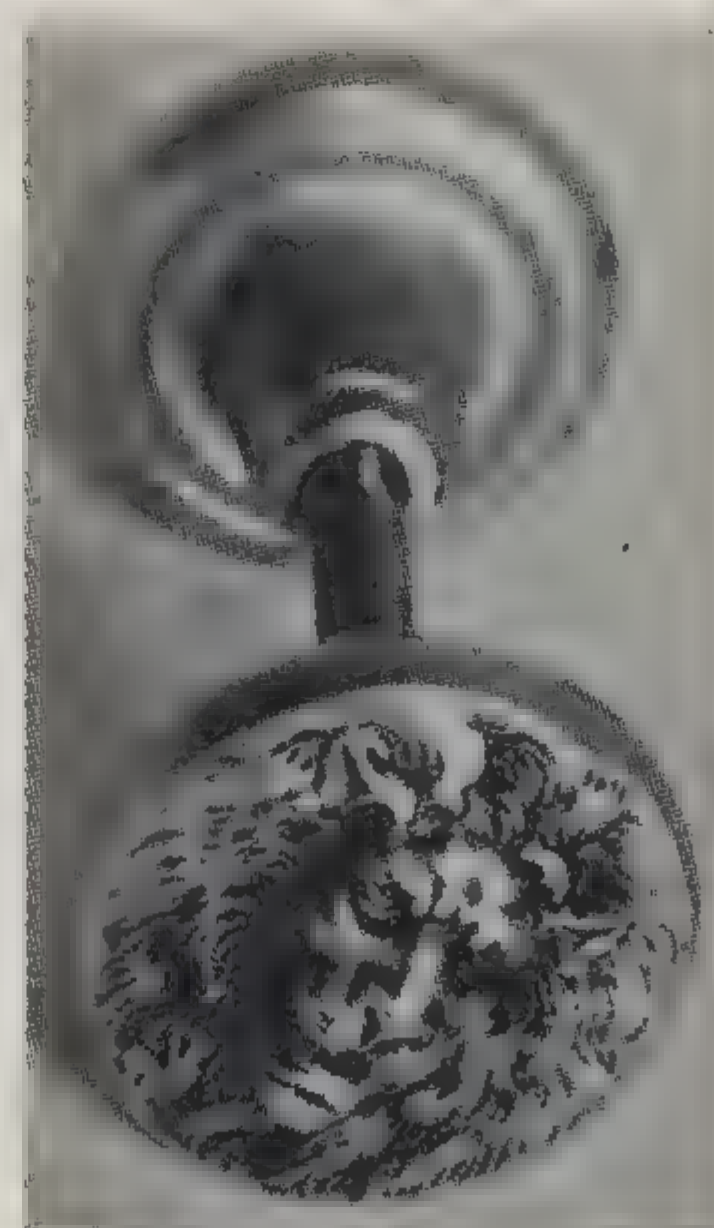
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3



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4

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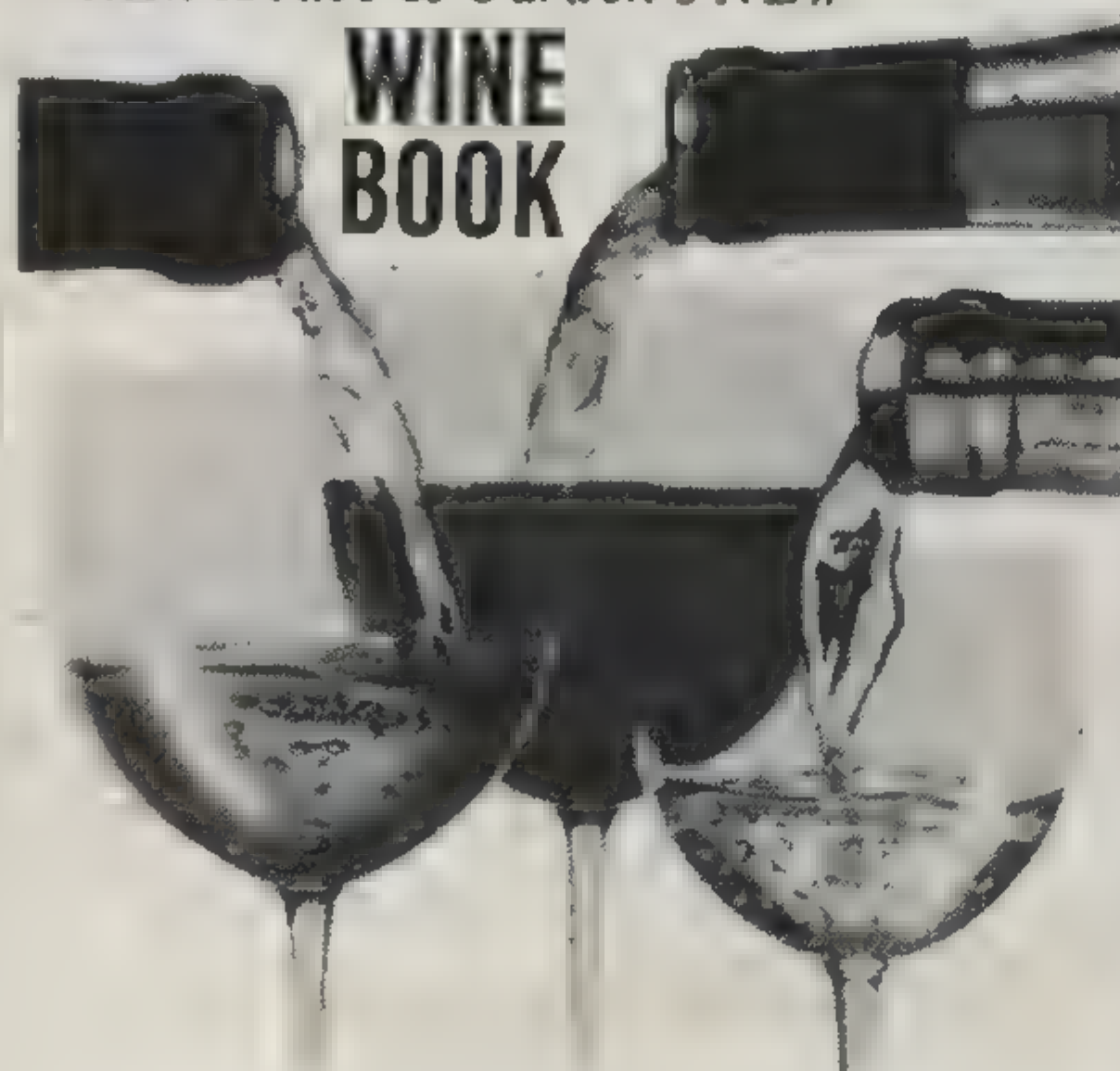
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TWO FOR A COOK'S BOOK

Because the two ideas here—one for veal, one for lamb—have in common both substance and charm, either might solve a problem dinner. The veal recipe comes from Dione Lucas, the lamb from June Platt.

VEAL IN CREAM From Dione Lucas

2 pounds veal from shoulder or leg
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sherry
1 small finely-chopped onion
1 finely-chopped clove garlic
4 skinned and sliced tomatoes
1 tablespoon tomato paste
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup stock
3/4 cup thin sour cream
Salt and pepper
1 bay leaf
Chopped chives

Cut the veal in large squares, brown all over in hot butter, and pour over hot sherry. Remove the veal. Place in the pan the onion and garlic and cook for 2 minutes. Add the tomatoes and cook for 3 minutes. Remove from the fire and stir in the tomato paste and flour. Add the stock and stir over the fire until the mixture comes to a boil. Carefully mix in the sour cream and season; add the bay leaf and the veal. Cook slowly for 3/4 hour, or until the veal is tender. Serve in a casserole. If sauce is too thin, boil down before pouring over. Sprinkle with chives and serve.

ROAST RACK OF LAMB From June Platt

2 racks of lamb (rib chops) about 3 pounds each, trimmed for roasting
2 cups of white bread crumbs plucked from loaf
1 clove of garlic
Juice of 1 lemon

2 quartered lemons
1/2 cup chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cracked pepper
1 1/2 dozen paper frills for chops

Ask your butcher to prepare 2 racks of lamb for roasting. The exposed bones should be protected with cubes of fat or strips of chef's foil to prevent charring. Interlace the bones so that the two roasts may prop each other securely in the roasting pan. Preheat your oven to hot, 400° to 450°. Prepare 2 cups of white crumbs plucked from centre of loaf of white bread. Chop sufficient parsley to make 1/2 cup. Peel 1 clove of garlic.

Place roasts in oven and roast, basting frequently, for about 15 minutes until they begin to brown. Reduce heat to moderate (350°), sprinkle roasts with 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon cracked pepper. Continue roasting, basting occasionally, for about 40 to 50 minutes longer, depending on how well done you like the meat.

Fifteen minutes before you figure the roasts will be done, toss together the crumbs and parsley and squeeze over them 1 clove of garlic using a garlic press. Sprinkle this over the two roasts and ladle some of the fat over the crumbs—carefully so as not to wash them off.

Return to oven to complete the roasting and until the crumbs are lightly browned. Transfer the standing roasts carefully to a hot platter, and surround with any of the crumbs remaining in the bottom of the pan. A sieve spoon is good for this process. Remove charred fat or foil from chop bones and replace with paper frills.

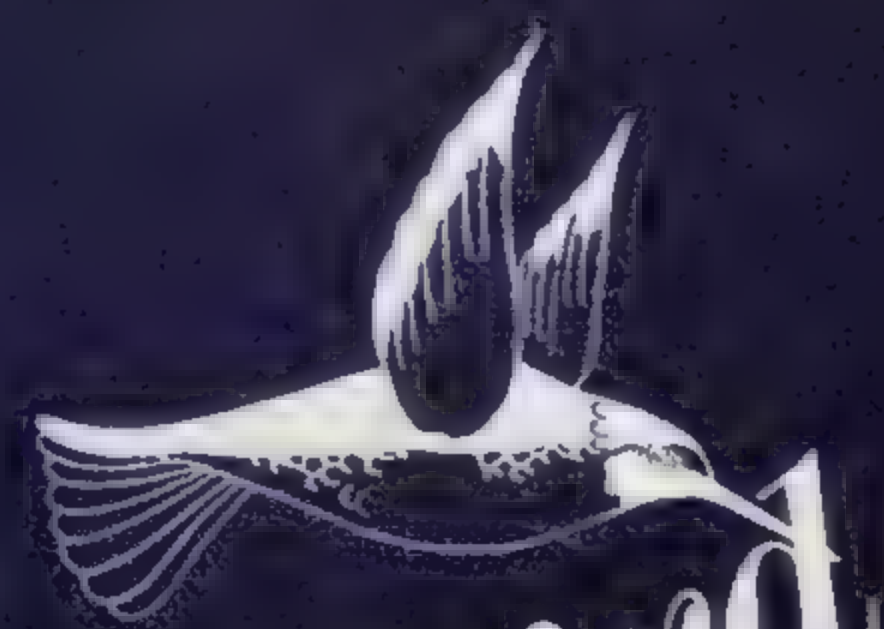
Garnish with quartered lemons and just before sending to table squeeze the juice of 1 lemon over all. Carve at table and serve 2 chops to each person.

*dazzling stocking shades,
ablaze with fiery colour...*

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firelight, dramatically emphasize your legs
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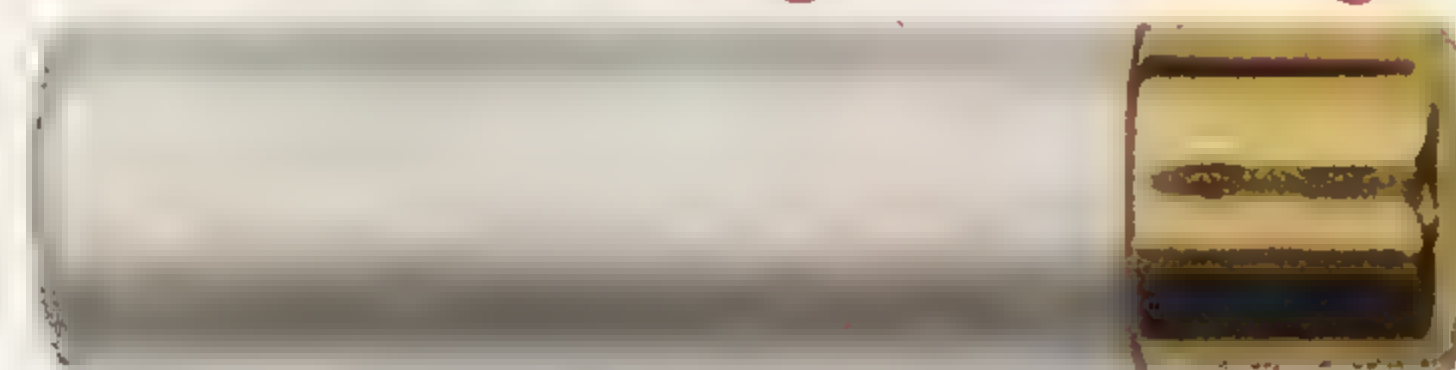
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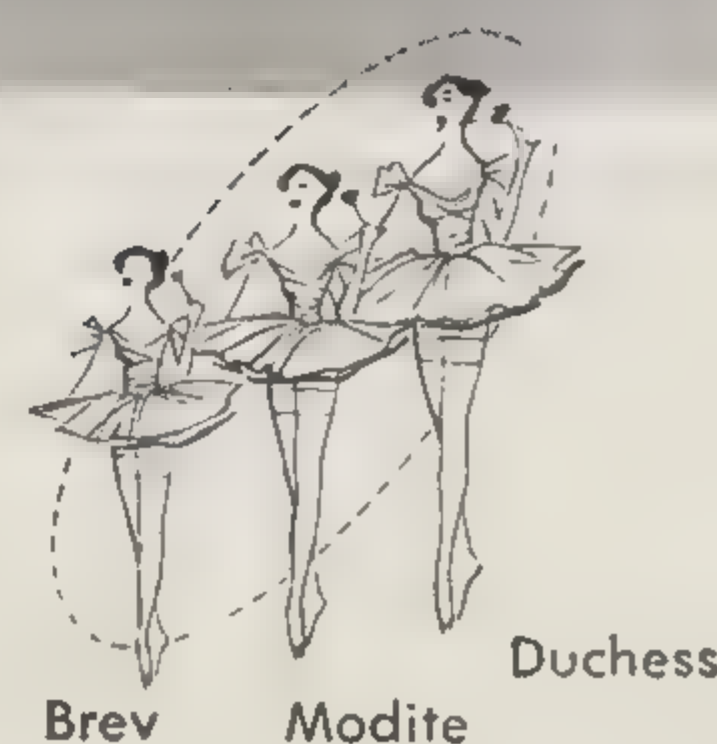
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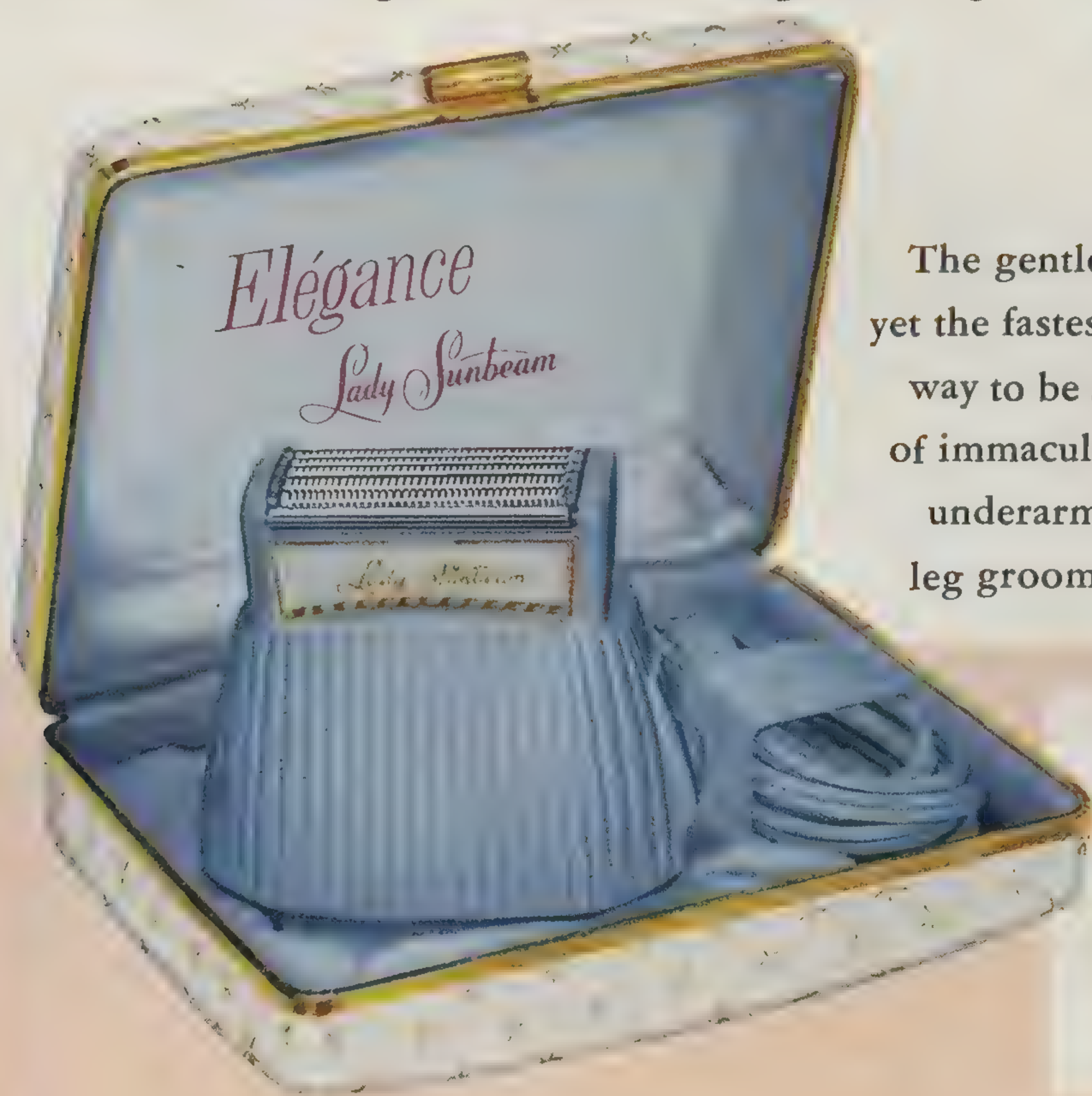
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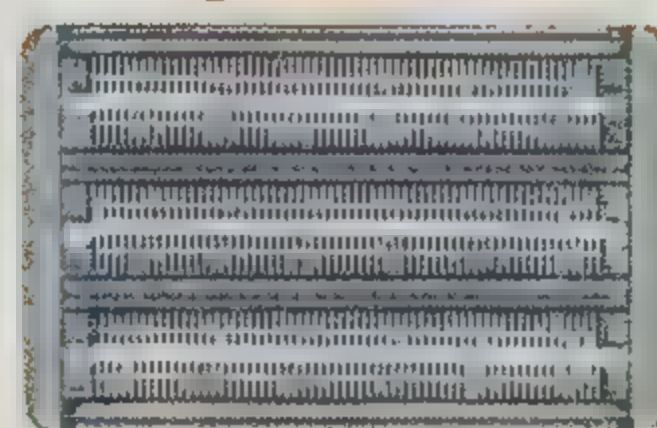
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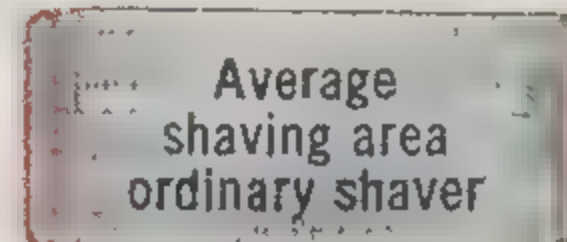


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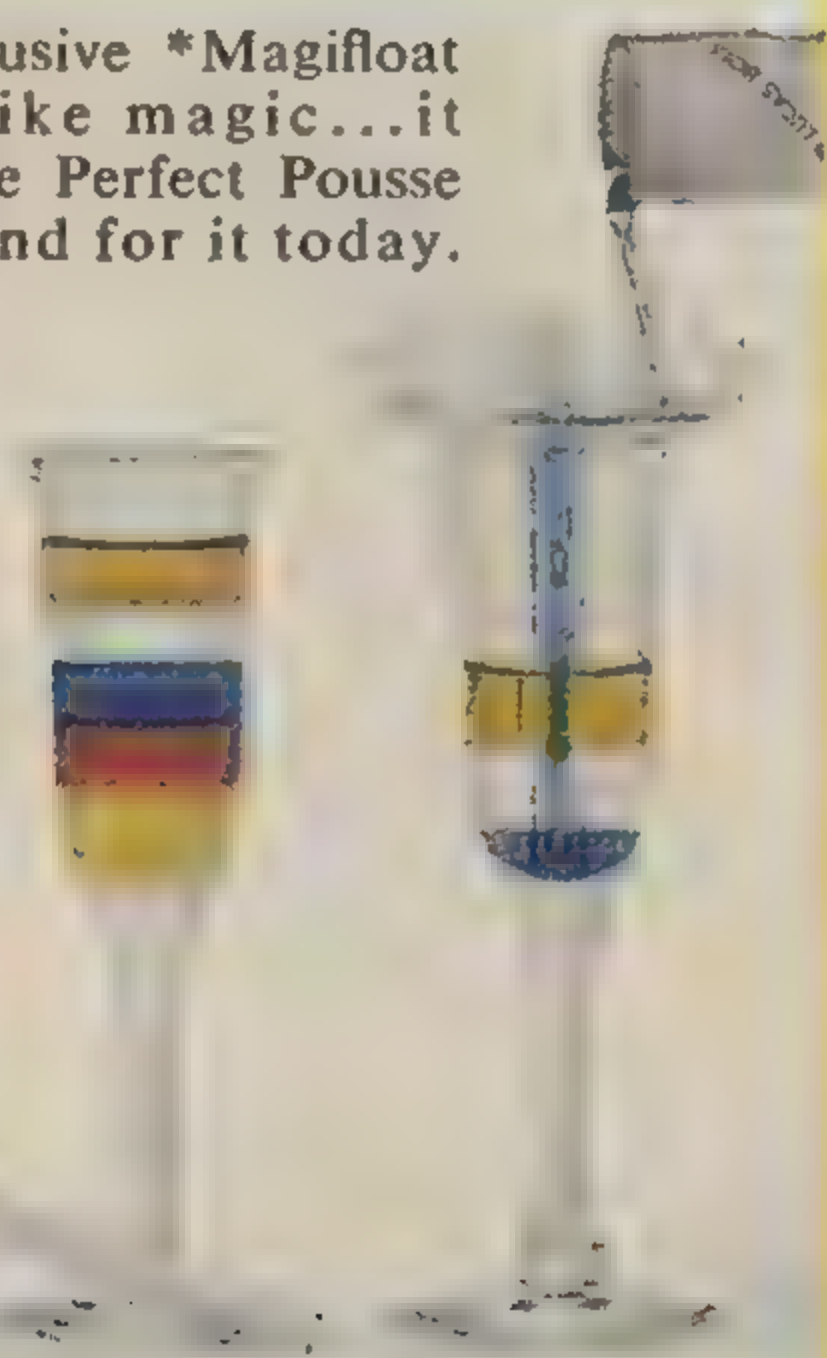
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This season we find a bright new star in an already dazzling galaxy of resorts. This magnificent hotel of Hispanic-inspired design, offers luxurious, air-conditioned studio rooms, suites, and 4-bedroom cottages. The cuisine is superb. There's starlight dancing nightly, a beautiful pool, private beach, and superb golf. Cy Elkins, General Manager.

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With century-old Edwardian charm enhanced by luxurious, modern, air-conditioned accommodations, The Royal Vic is Nassau at its best. Elegant cuisine is complemented by a distinguished wine cellar. There's a sophisticated new supper club with dancing and entertainment, a pool set in exotic tropical gardens, private beach, golf, and many activities . . . and center-of-town location is a distinct convenience. Roy E. Russell, General Manager.

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SEE COUPON ON PAGE 162



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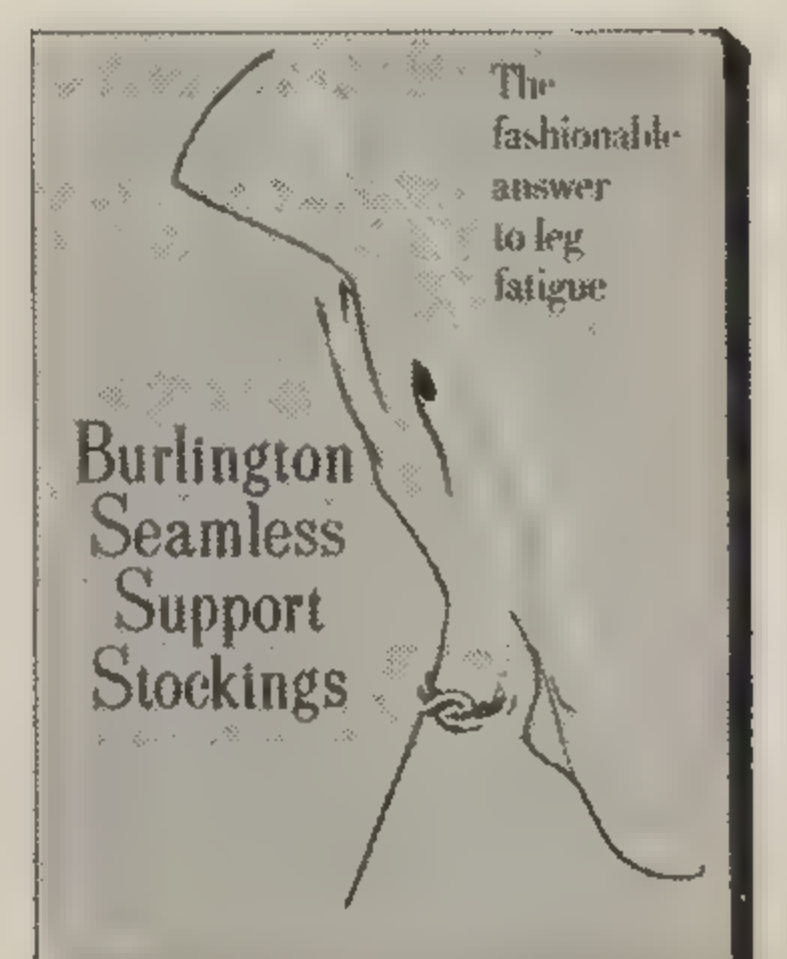
Burlington Seamless Support Stockings give you the support you feel—but do not see!*

If you've ever hesitated about wearing support stockings, you won't any more! Every smart fashion wardrobe should contain at least one pair of support stockings. And now you can have the look of your favorite seamless stockings in sheer stretch nylon that stops tired legs forever! These new Burlington Support Stockings start from your toes, giving them plenty of "breathing" space...just the right amount of stretch

supports your legs...and exclusive double-stretch top lifts and comforts thigh muscles. And they outwear many, many pairs of ordinary nylons. In the nicest stores, \$4.95 a pair. Seamless and seamed.

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*The young lady in the picture is wearing the Burlington Support Stocking on her right leg. On her left she's wearing a regular daytime sheer!



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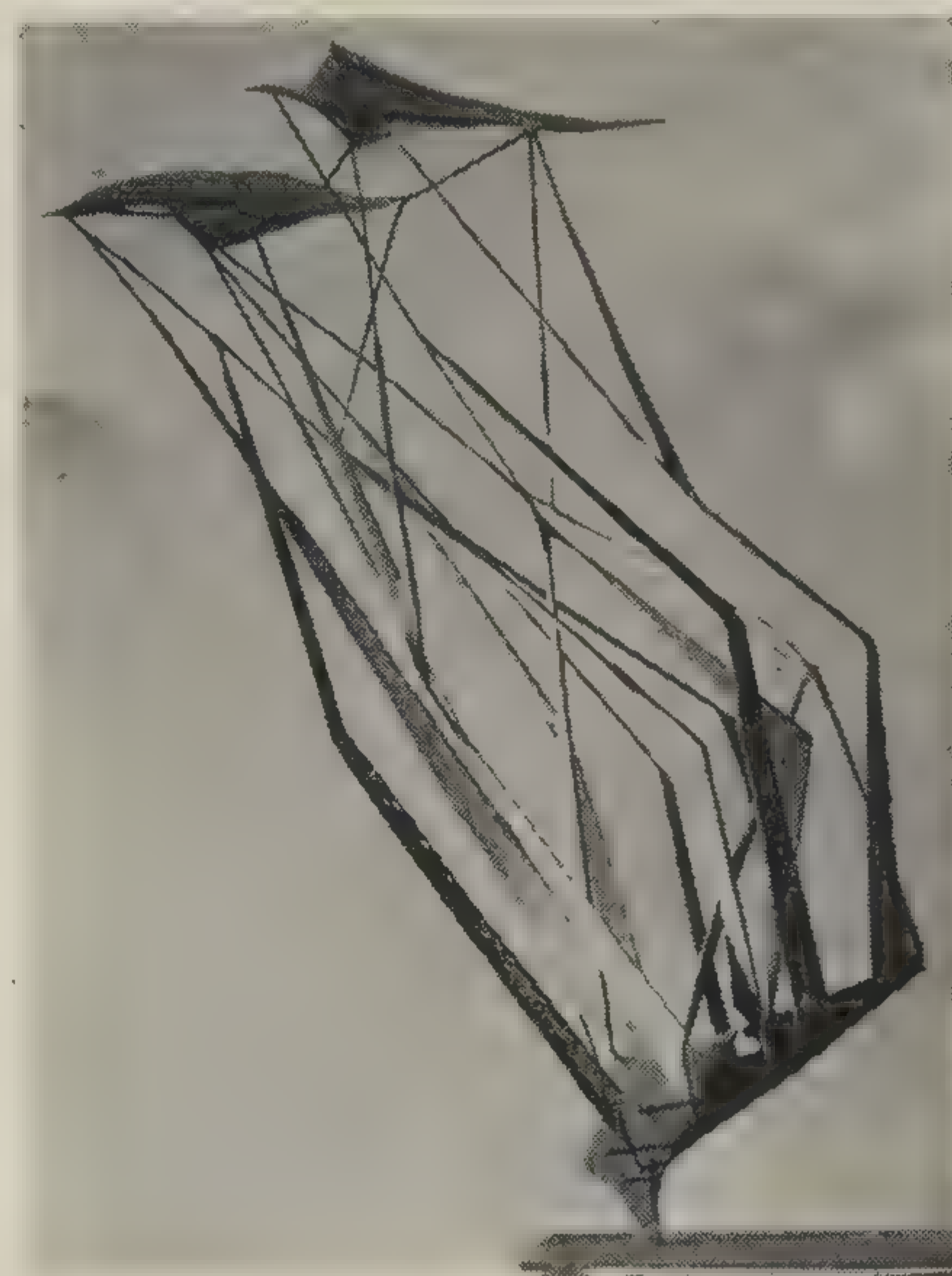
HAIRSTYLISTS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND!



"Roll" by Lorenzo Guerrini of Rome, who changed from medals to these monumental stone pieces, curiously moving.

Italian sculpture

(Continued from page 44)



"The Kites" by Luciano Minguzzi (above), of Milan. The evolution of his work away from the figurative, toward a stripped form, has increased his impressive severity.

"Nike" by Umberto Mastroianni, Professor at the Bologna Academy (right). Mastroianni's work is passionate, strong, inventive.

"Medal" by Edgardo Mannucci, a Roman whose dramatic pieces are burned as if by a volcano with an aesthetic sense.



What have you heard about METRECAL* the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal — what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low calorie diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that

they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

*Metrecal is Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietary for weight control.



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KAREN RADKAI

Vogue's eye view of the non-conformist hat

One of the special pleasures of being in fashion now is the fact that stereotypes are out. No woman, but no woman, need wear clothes that are not on her wave length just because they're In. For instance, in a season like this one that was already famous for its big, big hats before the last breath of August, suddenly the doll-size hat appeared at Balenciaga—tiny, tilting into a nose dive, worn with impeccable hair in a chignon or a twist, just as you see it here. What looked like a fashion rule for the 1960 course—i.e., big hats—went right on being a Good Thing, but any woman not in love with them could have a pint-size hat and look not only right but, frankly, wonderful. (Some could even have the best of both hat worlds—one big, one little—without being noticeably schizoid.) The pint-size sailor above was made of black patent leather by Balenciaga, will be copied in New York by Macy's.






In the U.S.A.

Fashion Naturals

*by Chanel who started
the whole idea*

These Fashion Naturals U.S.A. make an ancestral beeline straight to the Paris House of Chanel, who has always loved to dress American women. She was the first fashion naturalist, the first to design clothes with the freedom and understated elegance Americans like best, which is why we are showing for the first time Fashion Naturals designed outside this country. Although Vogue didn't mint the phrase Fashion Naturals U.S.A. until 1959, Chanel began thinking that way in 1919, the year, incidentally, that American women gained the vote, the year Chanel jerseys let women all over the world out of bone-lashed corsets and the long, dreary journey of day-length skirts to the ankle. Now, as in the twenties, Chanel's clothes have a natural, immediate appeal to American women. "Take this collection," she said about her autumn 1960 showing. "It's good for America. I am sure of that." So are the American buyers who bring her designs here for reproduction, and so are the women who buy them here, who agree with Chanel that they want to "look young and pretty." In spite of a slight nostalgia, expressed in a recent newspaper interview, for the leisure of a past when women didn't come into chic until thirty, Chanel is enthusiastic, appreciative of the Americans who learn fashion before twenty. "Today things go so fast," Chanel said. But to that fastness she has sacrificed none of the perfection of fit, the seduction of detail that have always made her clothes brisk and elegant. "Elegance in clothes," she insists, "means freedom to move freely." And that is exactly what we think these five pages of Chanel Naturals do in the ways of suiting the manner and tempo of American life, of flattering a girl of nineteen or a woman of sixty.

Left: Chanel's keynote suit, the one that realizes all her basic suit ideas completely, and beautifully. It's pale grey-green tweed worn with a pink silk shantung blouse. The jacket has the famous Chanel braid binding. Copy by Davidow at Lord & Taylor. Chanel copies, all five pages, also at Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



Chanel naturals

Chanel's cardigan suit, its seduction continued. This one, white mealy wool bound in wider navy-blue bands, has the youthful elegance that belongs to her recent collections. ("Forty years ago," she said, "it was unthinkable to even speak of elegance with anyone under thirty.") Among the few hats she showed were sailors at a front tilt. Suit copy by Davidow at Bonwit Teller. Chanel copies, all five pages, also at Hutzler's; Rich's; L. S. Ayres.



One of Chanel's sure ways of tempting American women, this lemon-lime plaid suit that combines the chic of Paris with a nostalgia for the schoolgirl look. Chanel-isms: the detail of gold buttons; the ever-present suit blouse, cuffs showing -- this one, yellow-green shantung; the mid-thigh stitched down pleats -- she demands an "intelligent pleat." Suit copy by Davidow at De Pinna. Chanel copies, all five pages, also at Montaldo's; Gidding's; Frost Bros.



Chanel naturals

Left: The little suit diva of Chanel's collection, spirited and live as the applause it claimed. A clear plaid of black and white, keeping to the narrow path until it breaks out in pleats at mid-thigh. Forward marching sailor of matching plaid. Suit copy by Davidow, at Henri Bendel. Chanel copies all five pages, also at Joseph Horne; Woolf Brothers.

Right: A naturalist to the very herringbone it's made of, this Chanel is grey and white, lined and banded in grey flannel. The blouse, pale-blue silk shantung. Copy by Davidow, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; Marshall Field.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The straining voices, the burst of speed into the final lap of the marathon to the White House. . . . The number of possible voters who have quit comparing the hair styles of the candidates and their wives. . . . The noble exhibition of Egyptian sculpture at The Brooklyn Museum. . . . The increasing veer towards a glimpse of reality in the new shows in the art galleries. . . . Brooks Atkinson sitting, not on the aisle, but in the centre of a row at opening nights. . . . The nutty generality on the jacket of the interesting new Allan Seager novel, *Death of Anger*, in which the hero's wife, a few days after the wedding, refused to get out of bed for twelve years: "a stinging comment on this characteristic of many Americans."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Joan Littlewood, a warm, forthright, English genius with a unique vision of the theatre, who has directed brilliantly *The Hostage* by Brendan Behan, a good Irish writer whose public, publicized antics have the tiresome quality of a four-year-old singing dirty lyrics. . . . The night-club preferences in the Scandinavian countries for jazz, especially for quartets who end their acts with "When the Saints Go Marchin' In."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Rome returnees, still enchanted with the floodlit beauty of the new Rome, plus the further grace given by a small, sixty-nine-year-old engineer, Pier Luigi Nervi whose five plain white concrete buildings, curving superbly, for the Olympics had a matchless quality. . . . *Surprise Package*, another gangster movie, shot with savvy gentility in Rhodes, but with Noel Coward doing a bit at the piano, singing with his slightly husky touch of romantic nostalgia, only partly demolished by Mitzi Gaynor, switching hips and saying, "Go, King, Go." . . . The sweep of line, the extraordinary clarity, the bursting, ranging delights of the enormous exhibition of Danish arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The transistor phonograph that works like a pop-up toaster; when the record slides in, the thing plays, when the record finishes, the record jumps out. . . . The knockout pleasure of the new small book, *Alfred Stieglitz*, by Dorothy Norman who has chosen forty-three of his magnificent photographs, put them with notes of his conversations taken down at his art gallery, An American Place, where he showed especially, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe: "Often I have not, myself, completely understood what I have exhibited, at the very first. But if the *spirit* of someone's work has meant something to me, I have shown it in order to see for myself what living with it might disclose."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *H. M. S. Pinafore* in a new young Tyrone Guthrie production, without those mummified mannerisms of the D'Oyly Carte players but with Eric House as Sir Joseph Porter, frail, gay, dancing with legs of foam rubber, with Harry Mossfield as Captain Corcoran in drainpipe trousers, commanding a ship all flags and Japanese lanterns: his sailors, healthy, happy, blue-eyed and sinless, and his daughter, Marion Studholme, a pretty girl with a beautiful voice. . . . The Kyle Crichton book *Total Recoil*, in which he recalls only some of his life, but fortunately and carelessly remembers funny stories about his friends, interviewees, and employers: "My first job in Albuquerque was getting new accounts for the Citizens National Bank. They were paying me fifty dollars a month, and I suggested a raise. Albert Simps, the president, asked if I would feel bad if I didn't get it, and I said I would. He then fired me, saying that he couldn't stand an unhappy face around the office."

GIULIETTA SIMIONATO whose voice is younger than her fame, is back for her second year with the Metropolitan Opera Company, a mezzo-soprano specialist in such richly violent emotional rôles as Amneris, Azucena, and the Princess Eboli. A restrained small woman, with the face of a happy Madonna, she stands straight-backed, reaching for extra inches, walks the way that makes a kilt lilt, has the charm of interest in others. Her life has gone into the adventures of reaching the rôles she wanted to sing, then into the stratagems and discipline to keep them; for some twelve years she has kept her stardom at La Scala, watching as though at a ball game temperamental bond-burstings. Now, in the centre of the powerful magic of the Met, she keeps a wary serenity, her voice a marvellous weapon.



when is a natural...?

Naturals are winners, no more, no less. Something or somebody, a natural has some special quality at once lasting and uncompromisingly fresh, downright good, never difficult. A natural has backbone, has character, has what the shadily attractive characters once played by Humphrey Bogart would have called Class, a word usually prefaced by "You got it, baby." The naturals on the next six pages have two things in common: each participates in that undreamy, demanding, high-stakes industry known as Entertainment; each possesses that rare chemistry which turns runners into winners, and impresses its owner's name indelibly into an era's memory. The winning hand might be the cool, delicate, not easily dismissable way that Dina Merrill looks when she goes before a camera; might be the way Rosalind Russell illuminates her long, elegant, pink-champagne good looks with the kind of smile she once called "real sun-burst stuff"; might be the way that Benny Goodman, through three decades, has kept the beat America likes ("You've got to give 'em blood," he said once). It might be the unwavering fun and charm thrown out by Richard Halliday and by his wife, Mary Martin, from her "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in 1938 to "My Favorite Things," eight times every week. It might be the strong, definite attractiveness of Walter Pidgeon. Whatever form it takes, part of it's not chemistry at all, but performance. Naturals do it right.

The naturals here were sketched for Vogue by René Bouché with some strictly borrowed scenery: five of the new 1961 cars belong to no one sketched here but qualify, on their own, as fashion naturals. What they have in common—the Chevrolet Impala convertible, the Cadillac convertible, the Imperial Crown Southampton, the Lincoln Continental, and the Oldsmobile F-85 station wagon—are low, clean, lasting good looks, less frosting, more dash to the inch. What they have in common with their non-owners, here, is performance. Details, on page 103.

Dina Merrill, that enticing vanilla parfait, is almost a victim of old-fashioned type casting. When a director needs a slim, pretty blonde for the rôle of a slim, rich wife, she is the immediate choice. In three movies, ready now, she plays her type with slight variations: in *The Sundowners*, as the lonely rich wife of a sheep rancher; in *Butterfield 8*, as the chilly rich wife of a businessman; in *A Matter of Conviction*, as the sympathetic rich wife of an Assistant District Attorney. Away from the set, she is the wife of Stanley Rumbough, junior, has three children, flips for relaxation on a trampoline.

The car scenery: a 1961 Chevrolet Impala convertible, its wings gone, its new curves gently subdued, inside—elongated arm rests.

NKTS





KRATZ

Rosalind Russell, who lists the ingredients of success in this order: health, willingness to work, self-discipline, "talent comes fourth and a little looks, fifth," will put the first four, plus a lot of the fifth (dewey-eyed, fine-boned), to work again for the film *Five Finger Exercise*, produced by her husband, Frederick Brisson.

The car: a long, lean 1961 Cadillac convertible, the chrome minimized, the comfort magnified.



Mary Martin and Richard Halliday, married twenty years (after a short courtship—"I thought," Miss Martin said to the marriage license clerk, "his name was Holiday"), work in tandem on *The Sound of Music*, that happy-making musical about the Trapp Family—she as the irrepressible star, he as a co-producer.

The car: a 1961 Imperial Crown Southampton, new in elegant detail, still classic in design.

RRT3



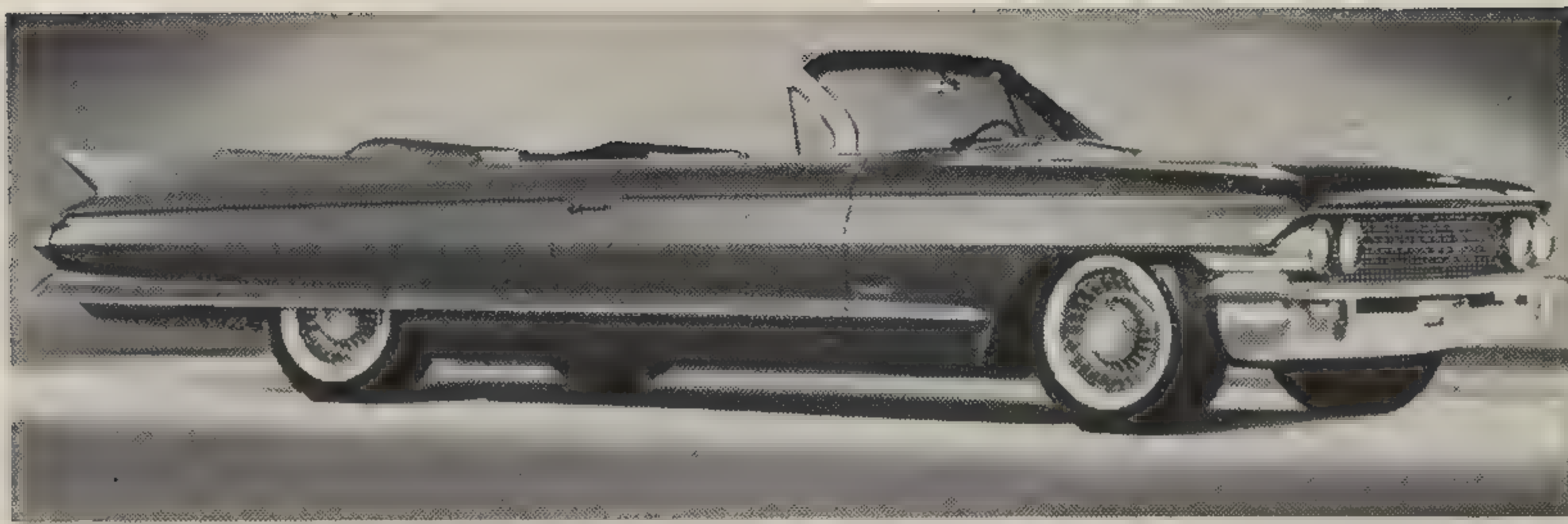
Benny Goodman, who made his theme song, "Let's Dance," one of the most jubilant invitations of the thirties, zigzags happily between jazz and symphony, Basin Street East and Carnegie Hall. Now travelling around the country to solo with major symphony orchestras, the King of Swing has a ready, gentle smile and a famous pair of glasses, which he put on for this sketch; without them he didn't look like Goodman. Still in the rehearsal stage: the clarinetist's seventeen-year-old daughter Rachel, who has a delightful way with a piano.

The car scenery: a long-hooded, low-slung 1961 Lincoln Continental—its doors lock automatically when the car starts.

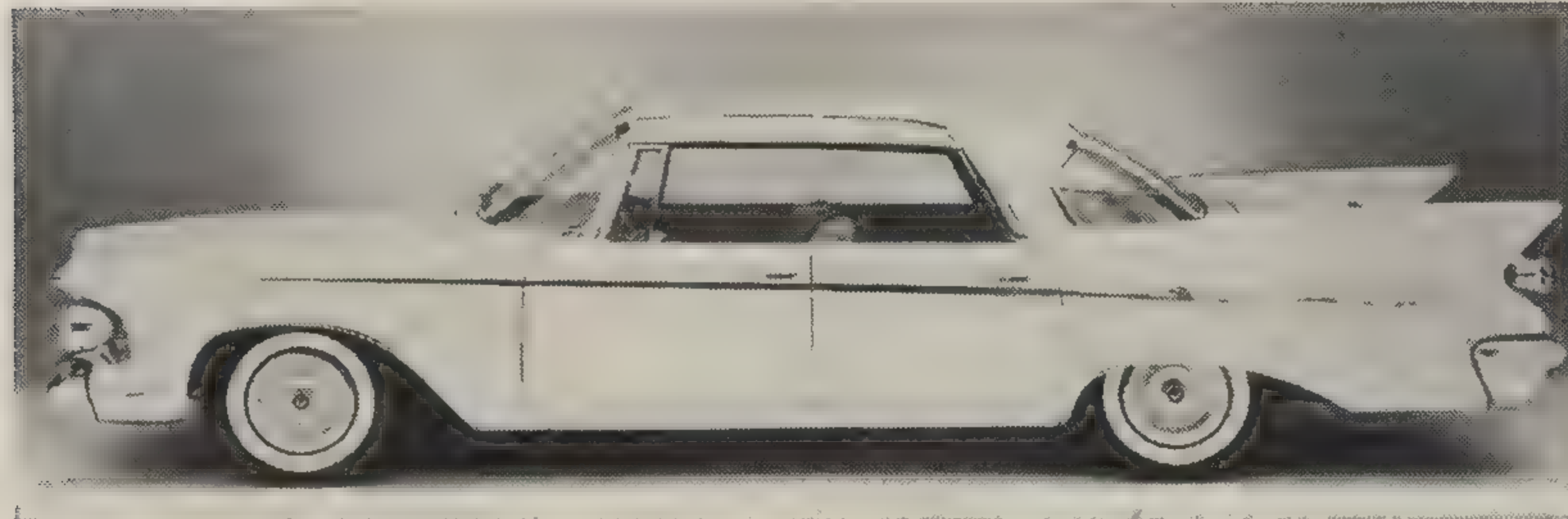




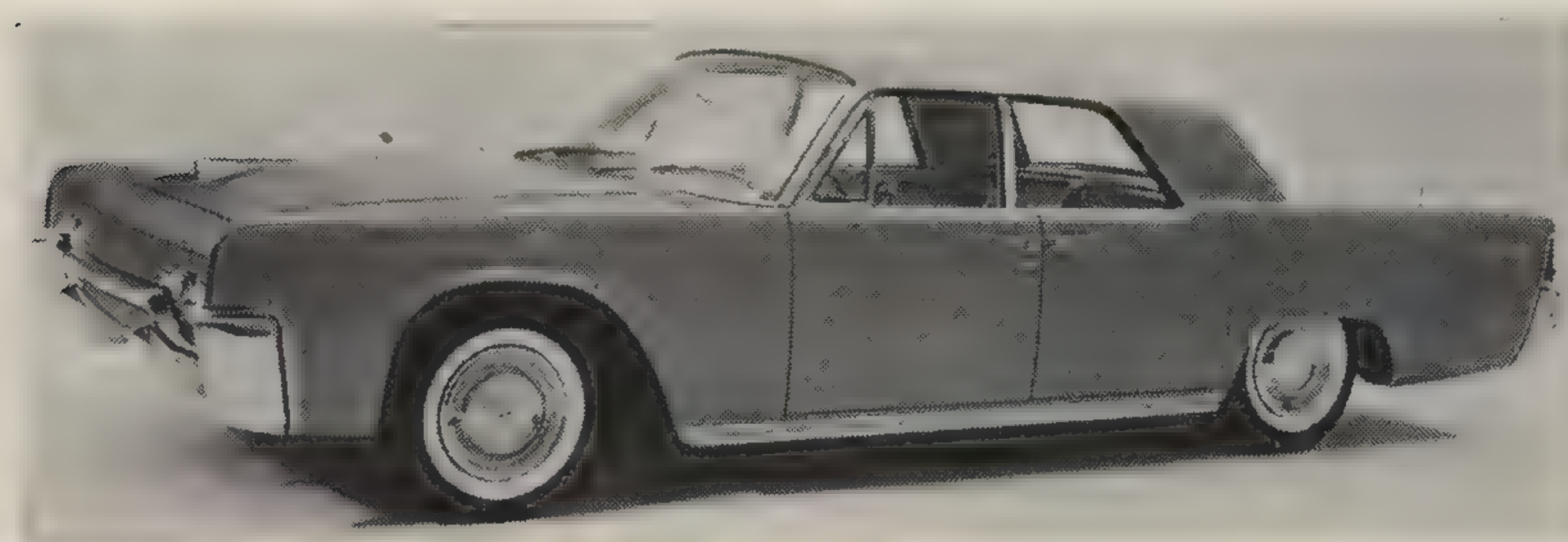
RR13



The 1961 Cadillac, a crisp sweep of metal with chrome played down and comfort played up, began to acquire its enviable reputation in 1902. The man behind that first Cadillac, Henry M. Leland, a Civil War toolmaker, unlike some automakers of the time put precision before speed. More precise than ever, the new Cadillac is also roomier, even to its tweed-lined trunk, but still indisputably a Cadillac. Retained for instant identification: the tail fins, with tail lamps in them.



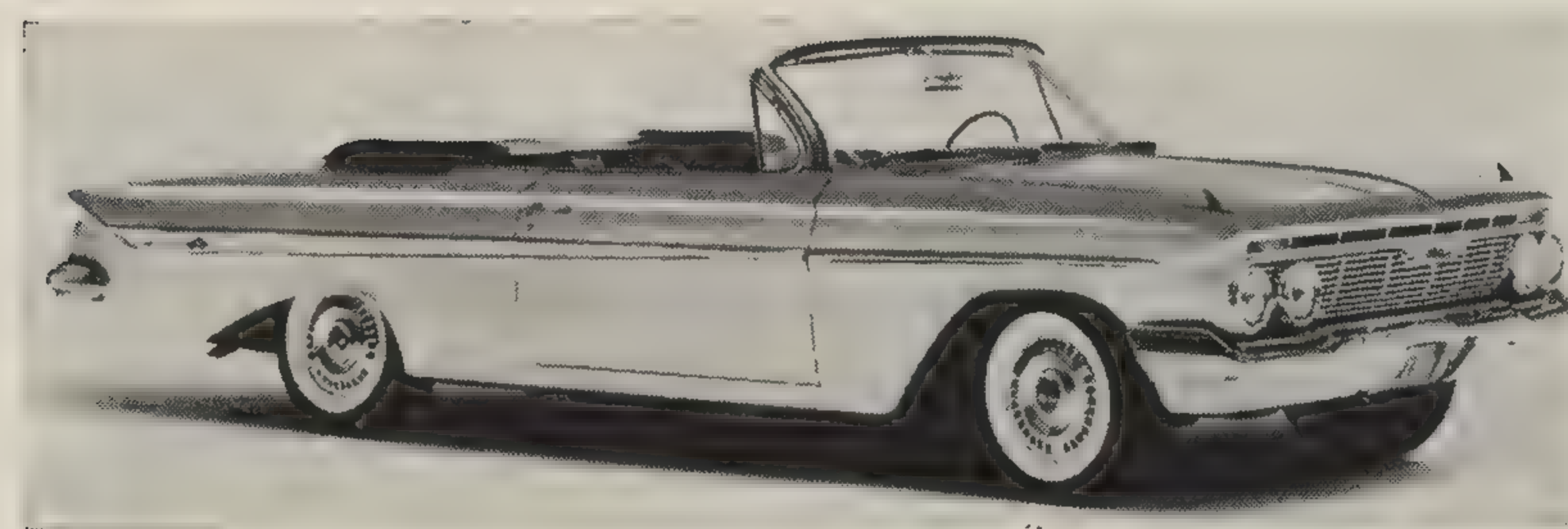
The 1961 Imperial, a fleet powerhouse, as all Imperials have been since the first one was advertised in 1928 as "America's most powerful car," has its classic design and arrow silhouette pointed up this year by a lovely bit of nostalgia: freestanding head lamps and tail lamps, back after an absence of at least a quarter of a century. For inside lighting, Chrysler's unique no-glare blue-green panel illumination, called electroluminescent, continues its pleasant soother.



The 1961 Lincoln Continental, full of built-in splendour, is rich in the tradition of luxe organized when Ford started building Lincolns in 1922. Partitioned, the seats have the feel of a personal armchair, non-slide at a curve. Still exploring for the absolutely silent ride, Lincoln engineers have tuned out road noise even further, and provided such thoughtful effort-diminishers as doors that lock instantly and automatically when the car starts, spring open when unlatched.



The 1961 Oldsmobile has an entry for the lower-priced field—the new, smaller F-85, an addition to the Oldsmobile line-up that would have pleased Ransom E. Olds, who started turning out Oldsmobiles in the early 1900's. Economical (25% more miles to the gallon than the bigger 88 and 98), the station wagon here has a "Magic-Mirror" finish for a long run of good looks, and a name, F-85, that makes it sound as though it could take off from Idlewild Airport.



The 1961 Chevrolet Impala convertible, a car for those given to the outdoor life, is as much of a sport as the Swiss-born auto racer, Louis Chevrolet, who presented Chevrolets with his name in 1911. This year the Impala has lost its wings and gained some curves. Added to the old efficiency of a rear radio-speaker grille to divide the back seat, a button to snap the top up, are a gasoline tank now placed in front of the trunk compartment, and new arm rests, outstretched.

Walter Pidgeon, who made over seventy motion pictures in thirty-two years, for a while seemed irrevocably related by movie marriage to Greer Garson. Now, in the Broadway musical *Take Me Along*, he not only acts with the usual gripping Pidgeon charm, but bounces through a slow soft-shoe dance with Jackie Gleason and talk-sings a plaintive song called "Staying Young," a project he has pursued with great success.

The car: a 1961, six-passenger, Oldsmobile F-85 station wagon—smaller, thriftier than the big 88's and 98's, 25% more miles to the gallon.

6 STORIES OF WIT, SOAKED IN WISDOM

These droplets from "The World of Zen"
an anthology edited by Nancy Wilson Ross,
are part of its excursion into the nature of truth.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nancy Wilson Ross, a serious student of Zen Buddhist philosophy, who has derived special pleasure and insight from the Zen-inspired arts of the Far East, added not only her own notes to this extensive anthology, gathered from Eastern and Western sources, but spirited illustrations, including reproductions of classic Zen paintings.*

In her Preface, she wrote: "Certainly it would be unfortunate if, now that the word Zen has reached common currency in the West, the idea got around that America had 'had' Zen and nothing remained except to nod appreciatively and drop it as a passé cult. But perhaps we can safely assume that a philosophy which has endured with unbroken vitality and

continuity for hundreds of years can hardly be pigeonholed within a decade—in America or anywhere else. It is encouraging to realize that although Zen is indubitably Far Eastern in origin, its singular range of perception and expression is not, nor has it ever been, confined to one geographic part of the globe. Zen-like intuitions have been experienced and expressed by men and women in all parts of the world, throughout recorded history . . ." Random House will publish the book in November. The translations of these Zen stories, some taken from a thirteenth-century Japanese book, were by Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reys, published in Tokyo by Charles E. Tuttle Company, in Zen Flesh, Zen Bones.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE

When one goes to Obaku temple in Kyoto he sees carved over the gate the words "The First Principle." The letters are unusually large, and those who appreciate calligraphy always admire them as being a masterpiece. They were drawn by Kosen two hundred years ago.

When the master drew them he did so on paper, from which workmen made the larger carving in wood. As Kosen sketched the letters a bold pupil was with him who had made several gallons of ink for the calligraphy and who never failed to criticize his master's work.

"That is not good," he told Kosen after the first effort.

"How is that one?"

"Poor. Worse than before," pronounced the pupil.

Kosen patiently wrote one sheet after another until eighty-four First Principles had accumulated, still without the approval of the pupil.

Then, when the young man stepped outside for a few moments, Kosen thought: "Now is my chance to escape his keen eye," and he wrote hurriedly, with a mind free from distraction: "The First Principle."

"A masterpiece," pronounced the pupil.

TEACHING THE ULTIMATE

In early times in Japan, bamboo-and-paper lanterns were used with candles inside. A blind man, visiting a friend one night, was offered a lantern to carry home with him.

"I do not need a lantern," he said. "Darkness or light is all the same to me."

"I know you do not need a lantern to find your way," his friend replied, "but if you don't have one, someone else may run into you. So you must take it."

The blind man started off with the lantern and before he had walked very far someone ran squarely into him. "Look out where you are going!" he exclaimed to the stranger. "Can't you see this lantern?"

"Your candle has burned out, brother," replied the stranger.

RIGHT AND WRONG

When Bankei held his seclusion-weeks of meditation, pupils from many parts of Japan came to attend. During one of these gatherings a pupil was caught stealing. The matter was reported to Bankei with the request that the culprit be expelled. Bankei ignored the case.

Later the pupil was caught in a similar act, and again Bankei disregarded the matter. This angered the other pupils, who drew up a petition asking for the dismissal of the thief, stating that otherwise they would leave in a body.

When Bankei had read the petition he called everyone before him. "You are wise brothers," he told them. "You know what is right and what is not right. You may go somewhere else to study if you wish, but this poor brother does not even know right from wrong. Who will teach him if I do not? I am going to keep him here even if all the rest of you leave."

A torrent of tears cleansed the face of the brother who had stolen. All desire to steal had vanished.

CALLING CARD

Keichu, the great Zen teacher of the Meiji era, was the head of Tofuku, a cathedral in Kyoto. One day the governor of Kyoto called upon him for the first time.

His attendant presented the card of the governor, which read: Kitagaki, Governor of Kyoto.

"I have no business with such a fellow," said Keichu to his attendant. "Tell him to get out of here."

The attendant carried the card back with apologies. "That was my error," said the governor, and with a pencil he scratched out the words "Governor of Kyoto." "Ask your teacher again."

"Oh, is that Kitagaki?" exclaimed the teacher when he saw the card. "I want to see that fellow."

TEMPER

A Zen student came to Bankei and complained: "Master, I have an ungovernable temper. How can I cure it?"

"You have something very strange," replied Bankei. "Let me see what you have."

"Just now I can not show it to you," replied the other.

"When can you show it to me?" asked Bankei.

"It arises unexpectedly," replied the student.

"Then," concluded Bankei, "it must not be your own true nature. If it were, you could show it to me at any time. When you were born you did not have it, and your parents did not give it to you. Think that over."

THE REAL MIRACLE

When Bankei was preaching at Ryumon temple, a Shinshu priest, who believed in salvation through the repetition of the name of the Buddha of Love, was jealous of his large audience and wanted to debate with him.

Bankei was in the midst of a talk when the priest appeared, but the fellow made such a disturbance that Bankei stopped his discourse and asked about the noise.

"The founder of our sect," boasted the priest, "had such miraculous powers that he held a brush in his hand on one bank of the river, his attendant held up a paper on the other bank, and the teacher wrote the holy name of Amida through the air. Can you do such a wonderful thing?"

Bankei replied lightly: "Perhaps your fox can perform that trick, but that is not the manner of Zen. My miracle is that when I feel hungry I eat, and when I feel thirsty I drink."



The Duca d'Acquarone with his wife, *centre*, a granddaughter of Toscanini. *Far left*, the hostess, Donna Maria Grazia Salviati.



WANDA GAWRONSKA

Above, at Montepaldi, a fifteenth-century shooting box, *left to right*: Marchese Corsini di Laiatico; his sister, Marchesa Andreola Corsini; Marchesa Corsini di Laiatico; Mrs. James Van Alen; Duchessa di Montaperto; James Van Alen; Geronimo, the gamekeeper.



A Varramista luncheon, *left to right*: Marchese Pucci di Barsento, Marchese Torrigiani Malaspina, Marchese Lorenzo Litta Modigliani, and Enrico Piaggio.



Above, after a Migliarino shoot, the day's bag, later to be sold at market.

AT FOUR ITALIAN SHOOTING PARTIES

By Candace Alig Van Alen

Although the mechanics of an Italian pheasant shooting party are the same as those of an English shoot, the Tuscan version, as much of a party as a shoot, has its own delicious tang. Year-round gamekeepers assure birds in plenty, and, on shooting days, rows of beaters walk the countryside driving birds towards numbered posts where the guns are lined up and the loaders ready.

But the *ambiance* is different. Perhaps it is the offbeat business of shooting in a vineyard where the blind is a row of grapevines, still leafy but yellowing in the autumn sun. Perhaps it is the eye-delights of standing on a terraced hill above the well-planned Tuscan countryside which looks, even these days, just as it does in a Botticelli or a Leonardo canvas. There is a special excitement in realizing that those cone-shaped hills, spiked with cypress or girdled with bands of olive trees, are heavy with pheasant.

We, my husband and I, went to four shooting parties. Landowners ask friends in for a day's sport, which starts about ten-thirty in the morning when the guests gather at the host's main house for coffee and *panettone*, a fruit cake, or for a biscuit with a Carpano, vermouth with bitters. To carry one's shotguns and shells and to load the gun, each person is provided with a loader, either too old or too important to be a beater. Because the Tuscan terrain has been so cultivated through the centuries that little brush or thicket remains for them to work, dogs are not greatly needed. (Continued on page 167)

PUTTING THE CHARM IN ORDER

BY PHYLLIS LA FARGE

A Liberty cotton is the first dress I remember loving. The pattern was one of their classic designs, dappled all over with overlapping flowers, apricot- and lemon-coloured. Wearing the dress, I felt much more myself than usual, but a bolder, easier, gayer self. I remember that I wore it on my first trip to Nantucket—in 1938 one still took the overnight steamer from New York to New Bedford and then the ferry to the island the next morning.

The journey was by far the longest I had taken; I can still feel the cramp of excitement in my stomach as I came downstairs to tea in my grandmother's house before driving into New York to board the boat (perhaps it is a trick of memory, snipping stills out of what was really a moving picture, but life seems to have been more leisurely even twenty years ago; today there would be no time for tea before departing on a trip). I was careful as I ate a piece of chocolate cake not to drop a crumb on my dress; if I had spotted it, the whole glorious journey might suddenly have been countermanded or conjured away. The dress was inseparable from the day, essential to the excitement of setting forth.

I have not always felt this way about clothes; indeed, it is only in the last several years that I have recovered the sensation I had that day leaving for Nantucket—that clothes are not quite costumes and certainly not uniforms, but touchstones of mood and feeling, boon companions, mirrors of oneself, and, at their very best, charms which lay the world at one's feet.

There was no doubt in my mind while I was growing up

that I was in need of a charm. My grandmother and mother—my standards of beauty and elegance—were both extraordinarily good-looking. Moreover, they had the confidence in their appearance which comes of having the style of looks in fashion when one is young.

My grandmother was a pink-and-white turn-of-the-century beauty, tall and straight with the magnificent eyes of the Gibson Girls. I think of her wearing certain tea gowns—in winter, plum velvet, and in summer, a certain watery rainbow-striped chiffon which my sister and I christened the “goddess dress.”

My mother was as much of the 'twenties as my grandmother was of the 1900's. Hers was a bold, outdoor beauty, at least as typical of the period as the half-worldly, half-ingénue look of Lorelei Lee in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Slender to the point of thinness, she belonged to the first generation to look well in pants, the first to be able to “take the sun” as *their* mothers would have said. No wonder I always picture her with a tan, wearing the scarlet, yellow, or green linen slacks she has always favoured.

From the outset it was clear that I would not have the fortune to look like either my mother or grandmother. I had a large chin, a large forehead, and small eyes. Auburn hair gave me the redhead's ability to turn lobster-colour in the sun, and yet I did not have my grandmother's perfect pink and white complexion. To crown my misery, I was fat, or whatever euphemism children are consoled with. For years, “She's a nice healthy child,” and “You're not fat; you're just solid,” were the most (*Continued on page 160*)

Jewels facing east

Layers of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, pearl-centred—the dazzling, barbaric splendour of this necklace reflects M. Claude Arpels' fascination with the gem patterns of India and his journeys there to collect the stones for which that part of the world is famous. One of a series of full-tilt designs in the Eastern manner, the necklace is worn here with earrings of the same design; the ring is a cabochon ruby rimmed in diamonds. All, from Van Cleef & Arpels. Also ruby-ish, and rubáiyát-ish: the lipstick in sweet-spice red—Berry Bon Bon, by Revlon.



ROMAN NOTES

Those Romans who fled the city during the Olympics, to avoid the tourists and the traffic regulations (private cars were not allowed to cross the centre of the city), returned to find a changed city, with new tunnels and underpasses, definitely practical but sometimes aesthetically sad. . . . Premier Amintore Fanfani, the driving, tough, intelligent economist who, last summer, basted together the fragile Christian-Democratic coalition, was, six months ago, considered a finished man; today, his worst enemy is his uncertain disposition. Small, melancholy, and insolent, known as *Il Motorino* ("Little Motor"), he becomes particularly edgy when talking to someone taller than he is; he has refused to appear on television, where his unphotogenic looks had hastened his previous failures.

When Roberto Rossellini swept through Italy making his film about Garibaldi, *Viva L'Italia*, he was trailed by platoons of actors, extras, and horses, as well as by his Indian wife, one ex-wife, and a crowd of his children. . . . At the *Quadriennale*, Rome's exhibition of painting and sculpture, the painter Vespignani broke records by selling, the first night, every painting he had shown. . . . There is a great deal of interest in Spadini, a sculptor whose work shows a sure, beautiful instinct for elegance; he is the son of the Spadini who painted so many Romans at the beginning of the century. (More about Italian sculpture on page 44.)

Valeria Ciangottini, the sixteen-year-old with the Botticelli profile, whose great success was in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*—the controversial film which has proved the biggest money-maker ever in Italy—has never seen one of her own movies; her mother thinks it improper. . . . In Rome and Milan, there is a revived passion for working old designs in needle point on canvases ordered from Paris, that cost twice the price of the original designs found in the antique shops. . . . Outside Rome the Villa Fiorio, a small expensive inn with white walls, and old Sicilian furniture, has a pleasant mingle of politicians and movie people. . . . Carlo Cassola won this year's *Premio Strega*, one of Italy's most important literary awards, for his novel *La Ragazza di Bube*, about the quiet nobility of a country girl during the troubled postwar years.

Vittorio Gassman, that intelligent, courageous actor-producer, has induced the Italian public, usually quite lazy and dubious about plays, to go to his productions of classics; he started his company off several years ago with *Adelchi*, Manzoni's extremely incoherent tragedy, written in 1823, which nobody had dared to do.

THE PICCOLO TEATRO DI MILANO,

working in the tradition of the fifteenth-century *Commedia dell'Arte*, has managed to entrance most of the world with its faultless, Greenwich-mean timing, its small bits of historic slapstick: the stuck sword which prefers the scabbard, the fainting girl who recovers when her father drinks her medicine, the Harlequin who tastes his salt tears and finds them good. Directed by Paolo Grassi and Giorgio Strehler, the Piccolo Teatro came here last spring with Carlo Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters*, a play proving that the servant-as-confidant is invariably smarter than his master. Part of the delight in this troupe is in its settings—mostly faded, rosy terra cotta, with a beiged kitchen, all trompe-l'œil pots and pans. The Harlequin on the floor here is Marcello Moretti, who makes a point with every gesture, and owns the world's most eloquent thumbs; around him, clockwise, are Bruno Lanzarini, Gianfranco Mauri, Relda Ridoni, Warner Bentivegna, Gianrico Tedeschi, and Narcisa Bonati. When Vogue's photographer asked Moretti to move toward the camera, he did—leapfrogging like a trout.







Italy:

*fashion-triumphs
in a gala
Olympic year*



Italy's dashing and mettlesome designers—sprinters in the field of fashion—scored new triumphs this year. Nine examples here, photographed in Rome. Left: One of the hits of Patrick de Barentzen's young, spirited collection—strawberry-pink wool long-jacket suit, black kidskin overblouse. Tall black kidskin hat by Gilles. Suit, in America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. To order at Neiman-Marcus. Above: Patrick de Barentzen's cape-coat—one of many in his collection: this, grey wool, collarless, funnel-sleeved. Grey wool bulb hat by Gilles. Both, to order in America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Italian fashions continued

The Olympic Games were the star attraction in Italy this summer, but far from the only one. A few weeks earlier, another blazing good show had been put on by Italy's spirited fashion designers, in the two strongholds of Italian couture, Rome and Florence. Now in their tenth triumphal year—in nine years, their annual exports have happily tripled—the Italian designers have all their original freshness and bounce, disarming and delightful. One great exponent of this is twenty-four-year-old Patrick de Barentzen, whose clothes *Vogue* was the first to show after his opening collection eighteen months ago; we described him then as “the daring young man of the Italian couture,” and he has lost none of his verve, or nerve, since. This year, he showed above-knee skirts; full skirts so full they made other full skirts look like sheaths; bright colours that were almost blinding; rounded cape-coats; giant wigs. And, a new and delicious idea, leather treated as though it were velvet or jersey (one example, the black kidskin blouse two pages back).... The famous Lunt-Fontanne team of Italian fashion, Simonetta and Fabiani, showed two very different collections, alike in only one thing: a strong personal style, a dislike of half-measures or compromise. Simonetta's interest in sleeves is undiminished; this year, she showed them short, square and chopped off above-elbow, or widened and stiffened, or curved and arching away from the body. Among the biggest hits were the coats with batwing sleeves—one, shown opposite. The fact that they're practical as well as beautiful would probably appall Simonetta, who once remarked, “Who wants to look practical?”... Fabiani, one of the world's great tailors, shows his collection without planned accessories, perhaps to demonstrate how brilliantly his clothes can stand alone. His great, free-swinging tent-coat, an enormous hit of this year's collection, was made in everything from ribbed silk to Somali leopard (see the following page).... Capucci's controversial, but never dull collection ran the gamut from bright-coloured shiny ciré raincoats to satin dinner suits thickly embroidered with “jewels.”... Princess Irene Galitzine showed a wearable, elegant, easy-seeming collection, and there is a great stampede to her boutique, where her marvellous at-home clothes hold forth—the overtops and pants for which she is famous. This year, they're often beaded or jewelled (see page 118).... Pucci, once the advocate of flaming colour, startled everyone with a collection entirely, chastely done in pure white, touched here and there with gold.

Facing page: Simonetta's marvellous batwing coat—one of a group in her collection, which was greeted with exuberant cheers and foot-stampings. Here, in grey wool. In America at I. Magnin; to order at Neiman-Marcus. Towering over it, one of the dramatic concrete structures designed for the Olympics by architect Pier Luigi Nervi.





Italian fashions



Fabiani's tailed tunic—almost a cape—
shown in many versions; this, the most dramatic
—a great fling of Somali leopard, collarless,
small-sleeved. To order at 1, Magnin. Scene: the
Piazza Quirinale; President's palace in centre.



Capucci's collection frothed with black chiffon "lingerie" dresses like this—wide, ruffled sleeves; tiered skirt, ruffled hem. In America at Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin. Background here: the Pyramid of Calus Cestius and Porta San Paolo.

Italian fashions

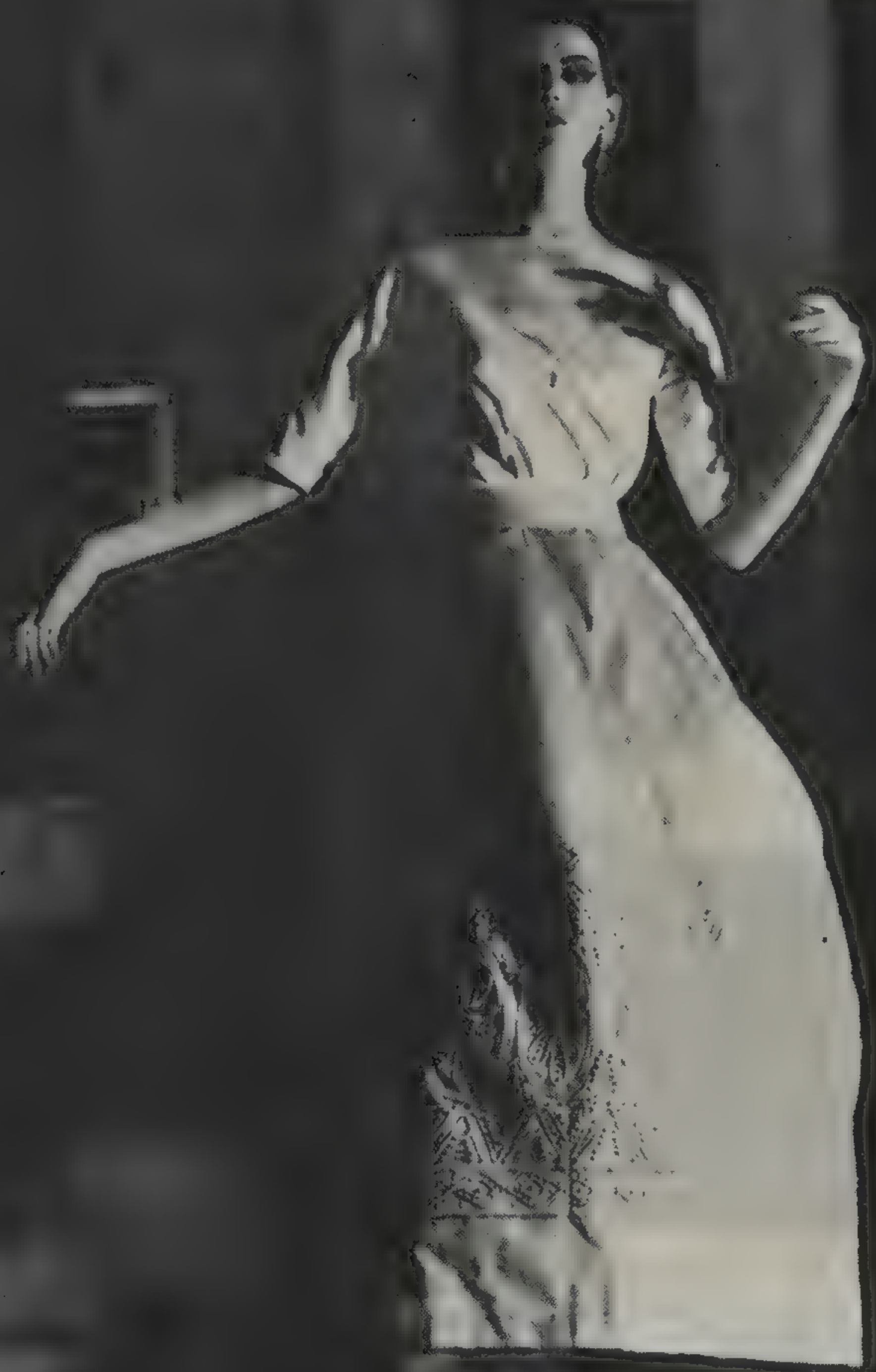


Gallitzine's astonishing waterfall of crystal beading on white; a sleeveless overtop and pants, fringed, tiered—from her marvellous boutique. In America at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Here, approximately at the Bernini fountain of the Four Rivers in Piazza Navona.




Pucci's maharajah costume in white and gold—the colours of his new collection. Magnificent white and gold brocade tunic; white shantung jodhpurs; in America at Saks Fifth Avenue; to order at Neiman-Marcus. The elephant, by Bernini, upholds an obelisk in the Piazza Minerva.

Italian fashions



Fontana's beautiful ball dress—pristine, and marked with true Italian grandeur: white faille embroidered in heavy silk with the almost severe elegance of this year's evening looks. At Neiman-Marcus; Julius Garfinckel, F. Magnin. Shown amid earlier Roman grandeur in the Forum.



Simonetta's beautiful ball dress—more of the grand Italian manner, white satin with a strapless, embroidered bodice, a short, upcurving jacket, with allover black embroidery. In America at Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin. To order at Neiman-Marcus. Scene: the Roman Forum.



Leather? They loved it in Paris, and in just this way—soft, and supple, and with the same sort of elegance as marvellous country tweed or jersey. As for the U.S.A.-future of this new leather genre, it's a natural, as predictable as the success of little foreign cars on American roads. (A clutch of these cars, by the way, is local colour on this page and the two that follow.) Dior even named the most *avant* of his leather stunners "Chicago," a glossy black crocodile jacket edged all around with black-dyed mink and tied up with crocodile bows, this shown at left. The U.S.A. is wide-open leather country rich in such resources as wonderful kidskin coats made impermeable to rain and snow. After the deluge, all they take is a simple shaking and gentle rub-down with a cloth. While we're on the subject of leather keeping—an expert told us recently how to make suède change its spots; small ones can be erased by dusting with talcum powder, then whisking tenderly, first with finest-grained emery board, then a very soft wire brush. For transfusing weary leather with vivacity, protecting the new, a number of New York craftsmen have developed their own conditioners, and sell them for home use. Additionally, many craftsmen will reline, restyle, and recolour leather clothes. *Left:* Dior's sensational crocodile jacket bound in mink. In America at I. Magnin.

leather:

great new
fashion
natural



Above: Grès leather suit in string-coloured suède—even the famous Grès jerseys were hardly softer than this. *Left:* Dior's white kidskin coat, big enough to slip over jackets smoothly; short enough to slip into cars gracefully. (A Sunbeam Alpine is about to be slipped into here.) Grès suède suit, about \$125; Dior coat, about \$140; both reproduced by Samuel Robert. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

leather naturals



Further examples of the new leather finesse, the glove little suit and dress here. Both, French originals; copied by Samuel Robert. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. *Left:* Bright cognac suède suit from Dior, with a fringy belt tied low, a skirt that's slim in a sensible and active way. Copy, about \$140. The car, also sensible and active, is a sprightly little Isetta 300. *Right:* When leather gets suppler or more civilized than this we'll report it at once—Heim's little-nothing dress is soft blue suède, sashed and unsleeved. Copy, about \$110. Here, it's shooting out of the roof of a Fiat 500, a car that provides more conventional means of egress, naturally. The leather gloves on these two pages are by Hermès.





stoles, long, narrow,

yet voluminous, look wonderful right now. They're famous scene-stealers (entrances and exits a specialty) ;

they're also marvellous at scene-shifting—bridging gaps between seasons. Either of these two—one black beaver, one raccoon—could wrap up a town look handsomely from now until midwinter.

Left: The stole here, a great riband of black-dyed sheared beaver, lined in black wool crêpe.

What it's flung over, a black wool crêpe dress with a deep banding of black-dyed sheared beaver around the hem. All, marvellous for lunch, late-day, restaurant dinners, from now right up to serious winter-coat weather.

By Ben Zuckerman. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.

Right: Call-of-the-wild stole—and wildly becoming; a long, wide amplitude of natural silver raccoon, long-haired and luxurious. Swathed over a plain wool dress, it has a tremendous throwaway kind of elegance.

At Henri Bendel; Blum's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus.



RRTS.



White lamb; mink— new pocket editions

Two fur coats, both with a new patch of pockets, in shapes with a new kind of ease. *Above:* Three-quarter coat of white, bleached Southwest African Persian lamb, a fur so new—and so dazzling—that skins are still scarce (but multiplying gradually). At Gunther Jaeckel; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Christian Dior-New York at Bonwit Teller. *Opposite page:* Mink coat with Peter Pan collar, big pockets, belt with a new angle—tied loosely at back. By Emeric Partos, of “Autumn Haze,” Emba natural brown mutation mink; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Eugenie Buchner handbag at Bergdorf Goodman. Lipstick that’s bright, light: Morning Star by Germaine Monteil.





The beautiful new

leg life —

what goes into this year's

stocking wardrobe

If you've always thought fashion was largely a matter of how you look from the hemline up—these six pages may be a revelation. What they reveal is this: that fashion now consists almost as much in how you look from the hemline *down*—i.e., your legs. With skirts shorter and shoes barer, the unifying stretch between is more important than it's been since the twenties—or, perhaps, ever. The new stocking wardrobe is infinitely more diversified in terms of colour, texture, use. Among the delights of this year's stocking wardrobe might be: sheer stockings for daytime in exciting new colours (see the next page)—hidden mauves, off-greens, taupe-browns, unexpected greys; sandalfoot stockings, and the even sandal-ier thong stockings; service sheers; textured stockings for the country; a pair or two of those reliable friends, support stockings; and for evening, off-black stockings in one of the ravishing new lacy textures shown on the opposite page.

Opposite page, reading from left to right: Off-black evening stocking in a diamond weave, seamless and lacy-looking. By Beautiful Bryans, at Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's. Next, a textured stocking woven in a zigzag stripe; seamless. By Belle-Sharmeer, at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Third, a stretch stocking in a lacy jacquard weave, with a seam; in off-black. By Phoenix. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. And on the leg at far right, a herringbone-weave jacquard lace stocking, also by Phoenix; at Altman's; The Broadway.

This page, above: Enchanting new Italian heel shapes—narrow-stemmed, fluted into a wider, shaped heel lift which may be round or square, triangular, crescent- or diamond-shaped. (All four of the legs shown opposite are wearing them.) All made here by Mademoiselle Shoes.







The beautiful leg life in new
stocking subtleties with the excitement
of hidden mauves, greens, and unexpected greys

Details, page 170



DONALD SILVERSTEIN

*A day in the life
of a stocking collector—
five situations on record*






On this page, three more situations with a particular stocking point. Above, a Glen plaid suit—and a dog who likes really *long* country walks (with no paws for this kind of refreshment). Left, country-type country clothes—black jersey top, bold black and white plaid skirt—that don't mind taking a little underbrush in stride. Below, a grey wool jersey suit that travels, admirably, from country to city, expects its accessories to do the same. For details about the right stocking for every scene (and more about the clothes): turn to pages 164-165.



Five scenes, here, to illustrate a stocking suspense-story—each scene with different stocking requirements, showing how a collector's stocking-stock is put to work. Calling the stocking shots are the clothes and activities that surround them, and here's the trick—there is one kind of stocking now that fits, ideally, into every picture. The clothes and action line-up goes like this: On the opposite page, a red wool jersey blouse over new black and white checked wool culottes long enough to reach down to thong sandals. Shown below this, a Paisley cotton shirt, stretch pants too sleek to tolerate garters or stocking-works underneath.







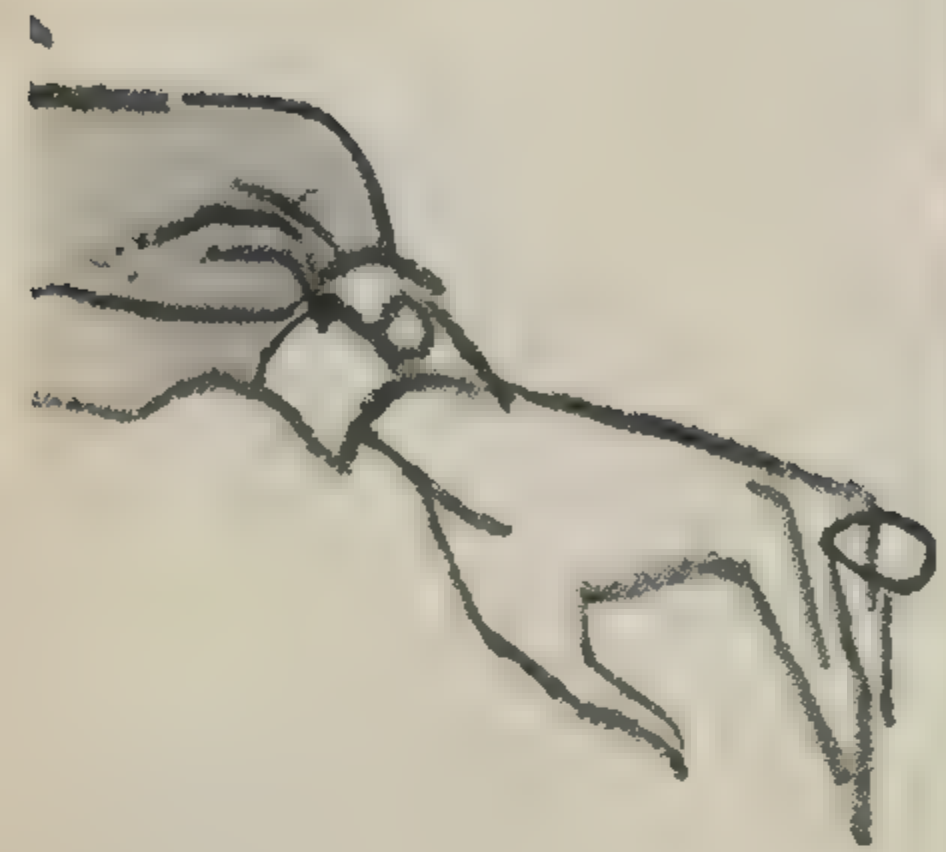
American *fashion naturals— out-of-town raves*

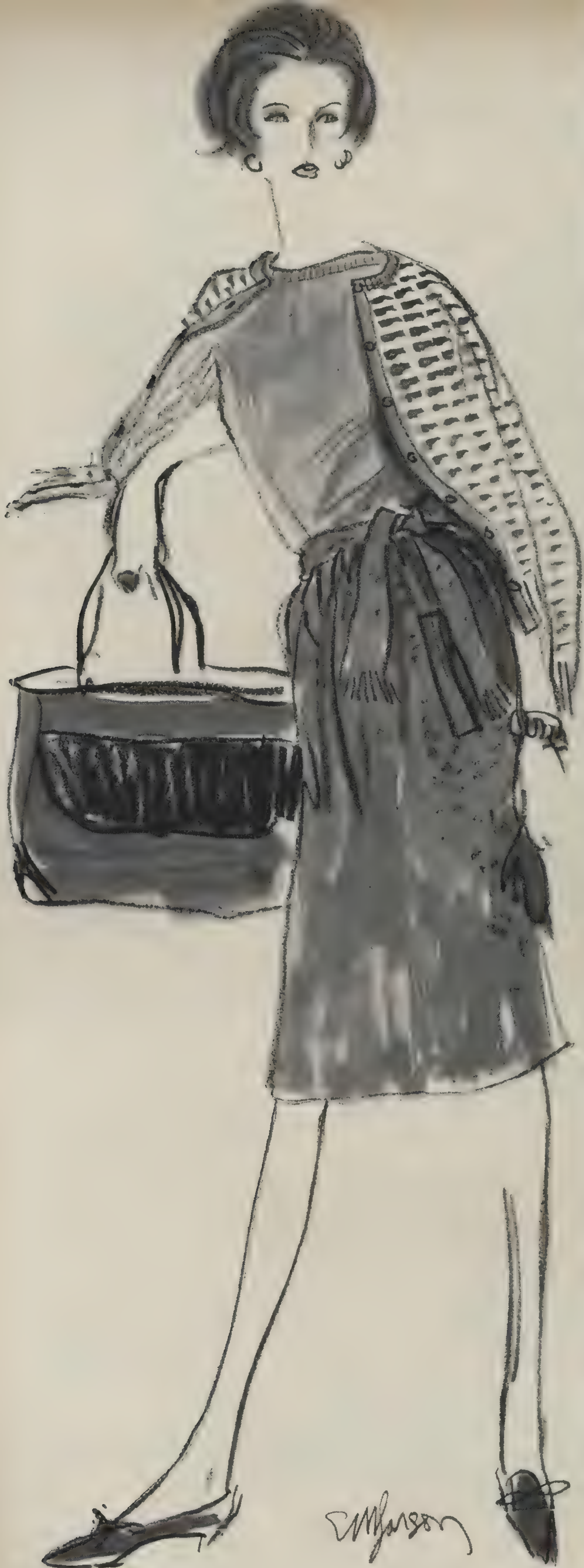
We're being pretty ruthless on these ten pages—skipping town entirely, and directing our message strictly to women who live where the grass is greener, and nothing scrapes the sky but tree-tops. Suburban, exurban, whatever—you can riffle around these pages for hours and never see an opera pump. On the other hand, there's a pair of ankle-covering boots toeing these lines that's made of a flexible new kind of shantung—terrific looking, tougher than you'd think, and right as rain in any prefixed urb. And that, as it happens, is a fairly accurate description of all the clothes here: it's what makes them country naturals, and it's why they're In. What's Out—really Brand-X-Out—is the idea that slightly disorganized is the thing to be away from town, that baggy tweeds are somehow more authentically country (they're not, of course; merely authentically antique). The best country looks are as smart and as contemporary as any you'll see in fashion. The proof is here and on the next 8 pages.

Divided skirts—new cross-country dash Some of the fastest-moving country fashions claim this: the presence of a skirt, the freewheeling action of pants. Here, two looks based on the news of a divided skirt. Far left, Norman Norell's already famous walking suit—skirt-length pants, tailored to the nines, and an easy swagger of coat in the same blue and black wool plaid. The overblouse, heavy black wool jersey, long and belted. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Haymaker shoes. Near left, self-assembled suit-look (suits out of separates are a fashion-naturals institution), devised from brand-new ingredients: black-and-white herringbone culottes, worn with a grey cashmere blazer and a grey and white striped cashmere pull-over. Culottes, by Sloat, of Anglo wool; about \$35. Sweaters, by Bernhard Altmann. The blazer, about \$35; pull-over about \$25. All at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin.



American Fashion Naturals *Above, left:* Leather coat—without one it's an empty country-clothes life this year. Shown here: olive suède; the collar can be removed to accommodate such other-collar diversions as the spreading turtle neck of a sleeveless green mohair dress. Coat, by Samuel Robert (Quilon-processed); about \$160. Dress, by Jane Irwill, of mohair-and-wool; about \$30. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Background: Pontin Farms, Lebanon, N. J. *Above, centre:* A great big wonderful shirt of a dress, bloused almost bigger than itself, wide-belted, and made of—naturally—beige wool jersey. By Nantucket Naturals; about \$90. At Henri Bendel; Hudson's; Frost Bros. *Right:* Sweater-and-pants look, fence sitting here—but not sitting still. Change is what keeps naturals in the fashion idiom. Note: the grey flannel tailoring—slim, but not stocking-slim; the new length and squareness of the white wool cardigan; the hair-covering wind sock of hat—grey and beige knitting. Evan-Picone wool pants; about \$18. Cardigan by James Kenrob; about \$18. Both sweater and pants are at Bonwit Teller; Roos-Atkins. Capezio boots. Mr. John hat.







American Fashion Naturals *Far left:* Next sweater set in a countrywoman's collection—tweedy grey-and-white cashmere with a perfect little-nothing of grey cashmere underneath. With the sweaters, pure sunshine—an easy, sashed skirt in bright yellow tweed. Cardigan, about \$40; pull-over, about \$25. Both are by Braemar. The skirt by Sloat, of Anglo wool tweed; about \$30. All at De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Roos-Atkins. *Near left:* Hamster dress—that's what we said. We say this, too: you won't find a newer or more dashing example of country dressing from Brookville to Burlingame (or a more sensible one; wears like iron, hamster does). Worn with a brown pull-over. Dress, lined with crêpe, by Glen of Michigan; about \$175 plus tax. Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; Roos-Atkins. *Above:* Country suit in a fearless black-and-white wool plaid, worn in a fearless way—with a big Dalmatian-spotted handbag, a wildly printed silk scarf. Bardley suit, about \$75. Best & Co.; Hudson's; Roos-Atkins. Scarf from the India Shop. The handbag by Roger Van S. Background: Miss Emily Stevens' Redfields Farm, Bedminster, New Jersey.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI



American Fashion Naturals *Above:* From the new crop of sweaters and pants, this rugged sweater with one of the longest stalks of the season, ending just below mid-hip. More news in this sweater—the fullest Peter Pan collar brimming over the shoulders. Smoky green is the colour—to wear with slim tangerine stretch pants that have the look of rough strong shantung. Heading the over-all look, Mr. John's puffed-sleeve cap, rib-knitted; footlining it, leather ankle boots. Sweater of knitted worsted by Lee Herman, about \$45; pants by Pantino, of Helanca nylon and silk (Einiger fabric); about \$28. Both at Lord & Taylor; Roos-Atkins. Background: Pontin Farms, Lebanon, New Jersey. *Left:* A long line of flattery in this sleeveless overblouse of yellow and wheat-coloured wool plaid, tied loosely at the waist, worn over a yellow muffler-neck sweater. The matching plaid skirt is cut on the bias, biased in another way—for out-of-town living, Sunday woods-walking, stalking children or the shelves of shopping centres. The plaid overblouse about \$15; the skirt about \$25; both by the House of Suburbia. At Peck & Peck; Frost Bros; Roos-Atkins.





LEOMBRUNO-BODI

American Fashion Naturals Here, two species of coats, neither an all purpose drudge, both capable of living well in the same wardrobe. Both, by the way, have a special look with white.

Left: A country slicker, glossy black vinyl-coated poplin, lined in fake black fur—all seven-eighths of it as slick in the sun as the snow. Here, its seven-eighths length showing off with reason a white pleated walking skirt and white wool sweater. Coat by White Stag, lined with Verel; about \$55. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Vandever's. *Above:* Tawny cashmere, an intelligent little coat especially good in shallow country not far from town, can go deeper. Voluminous, flared, with new wide above-wrist sleeves. Coat by Regal, of Bernhard Altmann cashmere; about \$110. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; L. S. Ayres. Shown on both pages: White cable-knitted sweater by Premier, \$12. White wool flannel skirt by House of Suburbia, \$25. Gloves by Fuchs. All at Lord & Taylor.

VOGUE PATTERNS



Transatlantic suit looks



Paris copies—translated from the Originals, line for line, by Vogue Patterns, in colours that are bright successes of the season. *Laroché*: Coming up roses, his good, easy little suit (facing page)—we show it in nubby magenta wool with the cool deliciousness of a candy-pink silk blouse and cummerbund. Vogue Pattern 1026; Anglo wool; silk by Couleur. *Emme* hat—a steep ocelot crown above a deeply-furred brim. *Dior*: Long-stemmed dress, above, under the auspices of an easy little jacket—the how-to of this Dior design to be found in Vogue Pattern 1025. The fabric here is a loopy monotone tweed in lemon-yellow. Leopard edges into the picture again in the jacket lining and hat. Rodier wool-and-rayon tweed, with jungly rayon-and-cotton faille jacket lining. *Emme*'s high-peaked leopard hat. *Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 169.*





*N*ight lighting—new golden rules

Flashes in the night—two sparkle-plenty dresses
to add their candle-power to this year's glittering evenings.

Both dresses, here, with the glint and colour of gold—one brocade, one wool.

Left: Gold-coloured dress of metallic threads, woven with a wool thread, regilded by an embroidered border around the neck of bugle beads, sequins, other beads.

This, with a dropped waist, sash belt, short full skirt. By Edith Small;
at Bonwit Teller; J. P. Allen; Frederick & Nelson. Coiffure by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

Above: Gold brocade dress with low surplice neck, high slink potential.

Extra flash here: re-embroidery, all over, of gold sequins and paillettes.

By Highlight, of Avisco rayon woven with Lurex gilt threads; about \$110.

At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Earrings by Miriam Haskell.

The black chaise on both pages is by Laverne.

Living it up in Italy

By George Bradshaw

If you like to eat cake, let me give you a piece of advice. Call up the Italian Line and find out on which of its ships Sebastiano La Rosa is now working as pastry chef. Then get yourself a passage.

He is, maybe, on the "Augustus." He was, not long ago. Here is further advice: you will be pleased with the "Augustus." People don't seem to have heard much about it, but it is the equal of the "Cristoforo Colombo," and, I think, more amiably arranged—its decks, its swimming pools, its public rooms.

Face it, I don't eat cake much, who does? So it was not until the second day out that I caught on to what was going on. Then I saw a spare, middle-aged Middle-Western woman who sat at a table alone, have a cup of consommé, a thin slice of meat, and six pieces of cake.

"What's with the cake?" I said to my waiter.

"Try it," he said.

I had dined too well. I could eat only five pieces.

Oh, how do you use superlatives? Let me report a conversation I had with the middle-aged Middle-Western woman a few days later. She said, "Great art sometimes has alarming effects. When I was a young girl I used to paint water-colour scenes. Everyone said they were very nice. But one day when I was in Rome on my wedding trip, I went into the Sistine Chapel and looked up at the ceiling. I haven't had a brush in my hand since. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Perfectly," I said. "I don't risk reading a good book."

She nodded. "These cakes. I've been making cakes for thirty-five years. But I don't know that I'll ever make another. This *man*. He does things that I guarantee you absolutely can not be done by human hands. Like Michelangelo."

Am I being too roundabout? These were the best cakes—small cakes, big cakes, little cakes, giant cakes—that I ever ate in my life.

There were so many of them. Like all great men, La Rosa is by nature fecund and gratuitous: we, an untutored gaggle of transatlantic passengers were showered with a variety I never knew existed. The shelves of

petits fours glittered on their wagons like trays of jewels, and the big ones—well, they would be decorated one night as if by Watteau, the next as if by Jacques Villon.

They were irresistible. I saw the middle-aged Middle-Western woman one evening in the lounge, sitting bolt upright, pretending to read a book.

"You look sleepy," I said.

"I am," she said, "my usual bedtime is ten-thirty or eleven, but you know there is a midnight buffet up in the lounge and for it Mr. La Rosa really outdoes himself and oh . . . well I can sleep when I get home."

Sebastiano La Rosa, salute.

In Filippo's Restaurant in the town of Forio on the Island of Ischia, Iris Tree leaned against the wall. In her hands were the lead that held her big black dog, a Martini, a cigarette, and the telephone. She was calling Fellini in Rome.

"Sei, otto," she said firmly. "Cinque, cinque . . . ah . . . ah . . ." then she turned and addressed the room: "What the hell is the word for seven?"

Leslie Huston said, "Try *sette*. See what happens."

It must have been right for the call went through, but I paid no more attention. My dinner arrived. Franca had made a *bollito misto*.

What a dish. Why don't we ever have it? "boiled meats mixed": as simple as that.

In a big pot of water put a good chunk of beef or veal, half a leg of lamb, a chicken—or a turkey breast—a fine hunk of salami and some little Italian sausages. If you like brains or calves' feet, add them.

Boil all together—of course put the things that take longest in first—and then serve on one big hot platter.

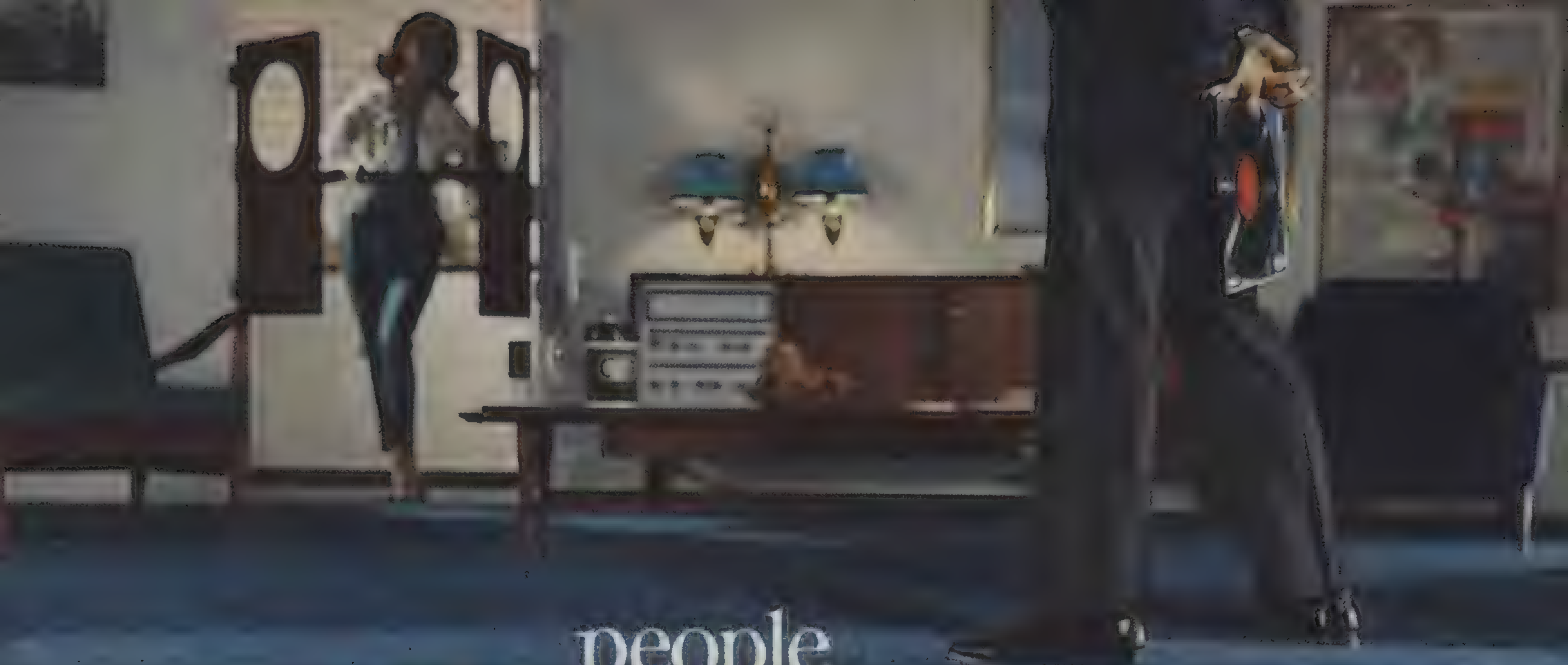
Take a little slice of everything and eat with a variety of hot sauces. See if you can find a jar of *mustarde*, which is fruit preserved in a sharp mustard sauce.

But everything you have at Philip and Franca's casual little box of a restaurant is (Continued on page 168)

The Flavour of Italy, sometimes heady, sometimes extraordinarily subtle, has become, happily, as pervasive a part of American cooking as Kansas corn and Texas beef. Here (left to right), a sampling of what makes the flavour: two kinds of *pasta*, the ridged, tubular *manicotti*, to be stuffed with cheese and baked creamy; the fluted *lasagne*, to be baked in layers with cheeses and sauce; smoked *prosciutto*; three cheeses—a goat cheese, a pale-golden *Romano*, and, hanging with a length of sharp *Citterio* salami, a round of *Provolone*. (Although these Italian basics may be bought almost everywhere here, those not given to shopping around may order them by mail from such New York City importers as Trinacria, 415 Third Avenue, or Mangano Foods, 488 Ninth Avenue.) Among the wines (more about Italian wines on page 153) are a red *Chianti* in a green bottle, from M. Lehmann, and two white *Verdicchios*—one in its bottle, the other in a decanter—from Sherry Wine & Spirits. With them, truffles, eggplant, mushrooms, mussels and shrimps, a fig, and bread sticks. The peach, incidentally, is for slicing into the last glass of wine at luncheon—an Italian habit that travels beautifully.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING





people



who
know



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SINCE 1872



You'll love Margate, too! A beautiful new wilton carpet by Bigelow. Deep luxurious texture, with a superb hand-crafted look, in 8 stunning colors.

To think of Italian wine as little other than a green bottle of *Chianti* wrapped in a straw *fiasco* is quite as misleading a cliché as thinking of Venice only as the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco. Although Italy still makes lots of *Chianti*, it makes a great many other wines—more varieties, surprisingly, than France makes; Americans have drunk, during the past five years, more table wines from Italy than from anywhere else in Europe.

Italian wines are best approached amiably. Although they are rarely great, they are often quite good—especially when young. For American buyers, the label tells a good deal. The Italian government has regulated labelling since the thirties; a *Chianti* not from the officially delimited Chianti zone in Tuscany, for example, must be labelled *tipo* rather than *classico*, and may not carry the *Marca Gialla*, a yellow seal with a black cock, that signifies the real thing. *Stravecchio* on the label means that the wine has been aged ten years or so; *vecchio*, that it has up to about five years behind it. *Secco* means dry; *abboccato*, sweet. Among the most consistently reliable Italian wines exported to the United States are those produced by Antinori, Bertolli, Brolio, Melini, and Ruffino.

Because Italy's white wines may run a trace too dry or a trace too sweet, its reds are generally preferred. *Chianti*, that most famous of all Italian reds, is a blend of three or four grapes, with a predominance of one. Most *Chianti* is made for drinking young, at about six months; bright ruby red, it sometimes sparkles a little. That many Italian still wines do have a whisper of sparkle is because they are bottled young, and allowed to go on fermenting in the bottle. There are also, of course, such intentionally sparkling wines as the sweet *Asti Spumante*, or *Lacrima Christi*, which George Saintsbury once compared to "ginger beer alternately stirred up with a stick of chocolate and a sulphur match." But there are also bottles of *Lacrima Christi* that prove mellow, golden, and balanced. The Italians bottle less, but still quite a bit, of a more aged *Chianti*. The most rare, and the best, *Chianti* is harsh when young, turning with long aging into a warm, dry, good red. (Among the best are Ruffino's *Riserva Ducale*, Brolio's *Chianti* 1952, and Antinori's 1955 *Grand Reserve*.)

Bardolino, made from grapes that grow south of Lake Garda and almost as well known as *Chianti*, is a clear, light, dry red, meant to be drunk young. *Valpolicella*, on the other hand, improves with age. (Folonari makes a good *Bardolino*; Bertani, a smooth, blue-red *Valpolicella*.)

From the Piedmont's *nebbiolo* grapes—called that because they ripen late, and are often gathered when there is mist, or *nebbiolo*, in the air—come a number of good reds. *Barolo*, a fine, full red, takes on a velvet taste and an amber sheen when it has aged three or four years; *Barbaresco* tastes a good deal like *Barolo*, but turns smooth younger. *Gattinara*, a dry, garnet-orange red preferred by some to *Barolo*, is at its most delicate after about three years. The *nebbiolo* stock in Lombardy, near the Swiss border, produces a group of good wines

Italian wines, buyable in the U.S.A.

known as the *Valtellina* reds; among them, *Grumello* is mellow, ruby-red, and slightly sweet; *Sassella* is dry, lively, and often very good; *Inferno* is less entrancing than its name but still good, distinctive, and slightly nutty.

Although Italy's white wines are on the whole less notable than its reds (probably three in every four bottles of Italian table wine coming into the United States are red), there is a handful of good whites. Possibly the best dry white of all is *Soave*, the colour of straw flecked with green, delicious with sea food, slightly acid, and gentle, which is what its name means. The best-known, *Orvieto* from the province of Umbria, comes both dry and sweet. Although the dry *Orvieto* is more alcoholic and stores better, the sweet, which has the faint taste of fresh grapes, is frequently lighter and, for its type, better. *Verdicchio* is an excellent straw-coloured white, dry or semi-dry; *Frascati*, although probably not now what it was when Horace praised it, is still dry, full, and good, capable of insidious attacks upon the knees. (There is also a sweeter, fruity *Frascati*.) *Brio* is a good, light, dry white.

Although Italy sends to the United States a great deal of wine labelled *rosé*, it is not a true *rosé*. What gives the best French and California *rosés* their happy delicacy is a special grape and a special process of fermentation. True *rosés* are fermented neither entirely with their skins, as are all red wines, nor entirely without them, as are all whites. Italian *rosés* are a simple blend of red and white wines, made to meet the demand for *rosés*, and usually disappointing. On the other hand, Italy's reds and better whites are distinctly worth trying. Pleasant and sunny, they call for no elaborate rituals, little of that appalling wine jargon. They just taste good.



To mine new sterling silver ideas from all over the world, two great American silver companies joined this year with two famous museums in international design competitions. Entries came from seventeen countries for the competition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, backed by the International Silver Company. Now on view at the Museum before going on tour—most of the winning silver concentrates on form, on line, on balance, rather than on decoration. One of the winners, however, Samuel Ayres, Jr., a Boston industrial designer, incised a handsome, busy but controlled pattern over the round handles of his entry. Invited to the other competition were ten Italian architects, chosen by Gio Ponti, whose Pirelli building in Milan is an architectural beauty and whose 1958 silver design for Reed & Barton, "The Diamond Pattern," was both an instant and continuing success here. The winning pieces in this competition, organized by Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art and by Reed & Barton are on exhibit, before a country-wide tour, at the Institute, part of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Achille and Pier Castiglioni won the grand prize for their entry, "Dolce," a pattern with the only ornament an indentation at the thumb spot.

AWARD-WINNERS IN BOTH COMPETITIONS

Opposite: two forks by Carlo Scarpa (Honourable Mention, Reed & Barton), one massive, heavy, straightforward, the other, slender-waisted, sculptured. Between them, the Ayres long-stemmed knife, an International Silver winner.

This page: left to right, an International Silver winner, the Ainar Axelsson short-bladed knife, from Sweden; "Dolce," grand prize winner in the Reed & Barton competition, by the Castiglioni brothers of Italy; two more International Silver winners, the short-tined scoop fork by Tapio Wirkkala, one of Finland's greatest designers and the spoon by Menahem Berman of Israel, its pattern point—the sharp, almost neckless joining of bowl and stem. (Continued on the next page)

THE NEW SILVER SHAPE-UP



NEW SILVER SHAPE-UP

continued

The eight designs on these two pages point up the revision in sterling silver thinking over the past decade. Like some of the silver design winners on the preceding pages, some of these, too, originated in other parts of the world. Several are at one in spirit with the first designs produced by early American silversmiths. Others, like Towle's "Contour," involve a sculptured look no more Colonial than Brancusi's "Bird in Flight." One, Christofle's "Anjou," is the oldest known silver shape since knives, forks, and spoons started appearing in sets in the seventeenth century.

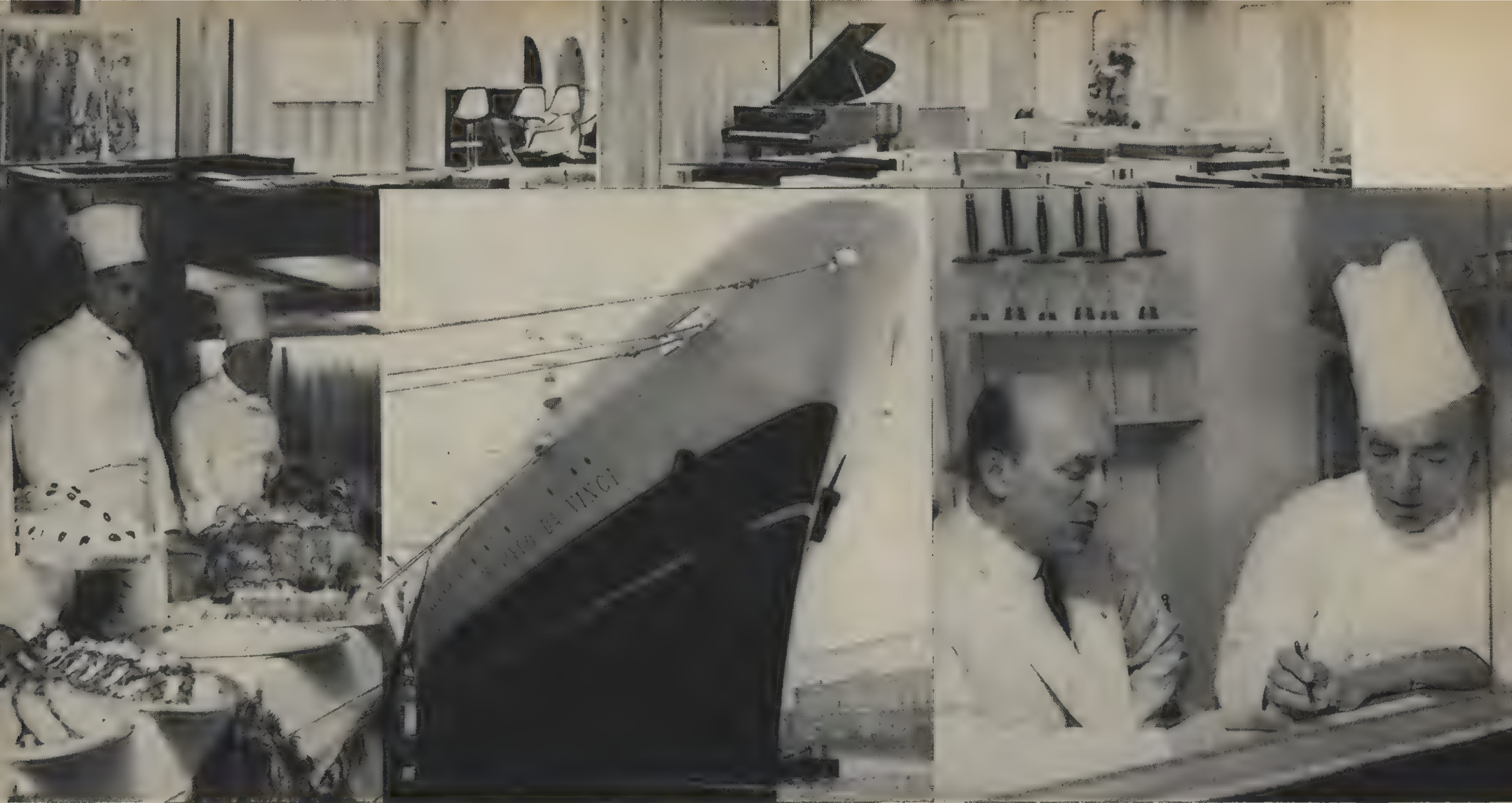
At the far left, on this page, is a knife in Gorham's "Stuyvesant" pattern, a cool, smooth distillation of early Colonial designs. Six-piece place setting, \$37.50* at Black, Starr & Gorham. The dinner fork is Towle's "Contour," the 1951 breakthrough in new silver design, a play of concave and convex surfaces that once made, along with the Chemex coffee maker and the Olivetti typewriter, the Museum of Modern Art. A six-piece place setting: \$47.50* at Altman's. Beside it, a fork in Dansk's "Tjørn," a pattern notable both for slender waist and for the unbroken lines of its knife (not shown), tapered like a letter opener. A six-piece place setting, \$58.75* at Bloomingdale's. The spoon is Celsa's "Trenza," a clean twine of silver from Mexico. A six-piece place setting, \$44* at Black, Starr & Gorham.

On the opposite page, the shape-up begins with a knife in "The Diamond Pattern," that now-famous symmetry of silver Gio Ponti worked up for Reed & Barton. \$45* for a six-piece place setting, at Plummer's. The fork is in Christofle's "Anjou," a version of one of the great classic shapes in the Louvre silver collection. \$56.50* for six pieces at Christofle. Next is a knife from International's "Continental," the straightforward kind of design that preceded the sculptured look; unlike Paul Revere's early designs, its edges are straight, instead of bevelled. A six-piece place setting, \$44.50* at Altman's. The last piece is a 1960 spoon in Lunt's sculptured "Raindrop"—\$39.75* at Plummer's, for six pieces. Note: all silver on these pages is sterling.

*FED. TAX INCLUDED







DE MORGOLI

Four on the "Leonardo"—places and people: the lounge, the ship's profile, buffet table; and Italo Serra, maître d'hôtel with the Master Chef, Luciano Cosimo.

ON THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI"—

How the Master Chef
opposes some
accepted ways

Italy's new floating landmark, the graceful "Leonardo da Vinci," creates a contagious excitement whenever she drops anchor in New York; at Genoa, the home port, her sailings resemble a close family celebration. Now, when the "Leonardo" (the first voyage was last June) leaves from New York's Pier 84, those gathered for the sailing look up at the elegant chiffon-light bow as if it were the profile—and it is—of a bright new Italian star.

This attractive sample of the latest in nautical techniques, decoration, and comfort, glides across the ocean in nine days. It does not race. Among the shipboard pleasures are the beguiling Mediterranean eagerness of the stewards to please—*pronto, pronto*—and the delicious food.

The Master Chef, Luciano Cosimo, is the mind behind the twenty-eight meals, the nine morning consommés, the nine afternoon teas-and-cakes, and nine midnight pizza-pie buffets, served during each crossing. This man with his impatient brown eyes, short bushed eyebrows, and his flickering smile begins his day at six in the morning. Cosimo wears his crisp Italian Line uniform with elegance; the tapered

black and white hound's-tooth checked trousers crease sharply; the black shoes shine; the cuffs of the white double-breasted jacket with rosette buttons are rolled back à la Dior, and the stovepipe bonnet worn aslant. In his small office, a glassed-in fortress four decks below the Captain's bridge, the Master Chef plans his menus. He works one day ahead with the maître d'hôtel, Italo Serra, a handsome man with the old-fashioned magic of the stage maître d'.

As a team, they share a pleasant past—they worked together aboard the "Cristoforo Colombo," and the "Augustus." Signor Serra, the front man of the team, speaks English, French, German, and Spanish; remembering each guest's nationality, he not only shifts from one language to another, but matches his nod and smile to that country's idiom. Meanwhile, Cosimo, fluoroscoping the procession of dishes and platters the waiters carry at a ceremonial height, stands close by the revolving door which opens into the dining room. (The spinning door, with three partitions instead of four, is wide enough for super-size trays.)

Although Cosimo's responsibilities include First, Cabin, and Economy—six thousand meals a day in all—his personal pride and attention focus on First. Naturally, Cosimo never lifts a finger for the mechanics of cooking; his second chefs and cooks, twenty-one in the First-Class kitchen, prepare the food, as if they were radar extensions of his fingers. This crew of lesser chefs, divided into culinary categories—sauces, pastry, meats, (*Continued on page 159*)

ON THE "LEONARDO"

(Continued from page 158)

grills, fish—work in kitchens arranged for each kind of *cuisine*. Rather like deeper and bigger country stalls, the broad kitchen counters form an aluminum frame around the galley. Of course, there is a *caffè espresso* pantry, as well as one for cheese and fruit. Darting up and down the lines of kitchens, Cosimo looks into the ovens and enormous cauldrons, while the apprentices, holding the pot lids like shields, stand at stiff attention, in spite of the explosion of hissing steam which blurs them from sight, like Don Giovanni disappearing in stage smoke down the trap door.

Printed in English and Italian, the menus include both international *haute cuisine* and Italian food and always a *pasta* group. The "Chef's Suggestion" at lunch and dinner reflects the solid principles of this Master Chef. In spite of years of travel with Americans, he still becomes irritated when they persist in ordering salad with the meat course; not that he rejects salad, but he feels that when peas or artichokes, asparagus or carrots go with the roast, it is sufficient. He does not approve at all of vegetables with fish. On the other hand, he likes salad with chicken and steak, if there is no other vegetable.

Here are two of his recipes.

CANNELLONI MAGRI ALLA PUSTERESE (For eight)

1 box *lasagne*
4 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 pounds blanched, chopped spinach
1 pound *ricotta* cheese
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon dried sweet marjoram
4 eggs
Salt and pepper
4 cups white sauce

On board ship, *pasta* is always freshly made, but land cooks may use for their *cannelloni*, the ready-made *lasagne*, those long, broad noodles. Boil, according to the directions on the box, and cut in half. Each noodle should be about 4" x 3"; for one person, use four. For the stuffing, sauté the blanched spinach in 2 tablespoons butter. (The chef insists that the spinach be very, very dry, be passed through the sieve.) Add *ricotta*, 4 tablespoons Parmesan, nutmeg, marjoram, eggs, and salt and pepper to taste. Cosimo uses

one egg for two servings, as too many eggs harden the mixture. Mix and transfer into a pastry bag. Squeeze lengthwise onto the centre of each *lasagne*. Roll and place in a buttered baking pan with fold facing down.

To the white sauce, add the rest of the Parmesan cheese and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Pour over *lasagne* and brown in hot oven.

The zippy, white Italian wine, *Verdicchio di Jesi*, well-chilled, goes splendidly with this *pasta* dish.

LOBSTER LEONARDO DA VINCI (For eight)

On the ship the rice is served separately.

8 1½ pound lobsters
½ pound unsalted butter
2 17½-ounce tins Italian tomatoes
½ cup French brandy
1 shredded onion, the size of a lemon
1 cup boiled and shelled shrimps
1 cup crab meat
½ cup sliced mushrooms
Salt and pepper

Boil lobsters, remove from shell. Pound shells in mortar. Cook for 15 minutes: lobster shells, ¼ pound butter and tomatoes. At the very last minute, add the brandy. (As Mr. Cosimo explained, "It must go SHHHHHH.") Pass this sauce through a fine, fine sieve. In a separate pot, sauté onion until crispy brown. Then add shrimps, crab meat, mushrooms, salt and pepper, and the sauce. Cut the lobster in pieces, place in dish brushed with butter and cover with the sauce.

RICE (For eight)

Cosimo's rice is cooked in the oven.

1 pound Carolina rice
½ pound unsalted butter
4½ cups consommé

Sauté rice in butter and then pour on consommé (preferably chicken) until it is an inch above the rice. Cover tightly, place in 300° oven for 20 minutes. ("Do not touch," says the chef.) When ready, scrape bottom of pan with a fork up and down. The result is a white, white rice *granito*.

Serve with chilled white *La Vigne Blanche* by Frecciarossa. "Never serve vegetables with the lobster," said the chef, and the maître d'hôtel agreed.

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GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY AMERICAN ASTRAL.

(Continued from page 108)

crushing blows I could receive.

Curiously enough—or perhaps not so curiously, but I am making no attempt to decide whether my history is the exception or the rule—a conviction that my appearance was not up to standard increased my interest in clothes. The first thing I wanted to be (age five) when I grew up was a nurse, but the next thing (age seven) was a dress designer. The clothes I designed were pure costume; I spent hours cutting and pasting coloured paper, snippets of silk, sequins, and net into elaborate, collage-like designs for dresses, the more exotic the better.

As I worked, I daydreamed of the glamorous life I could have led in these dresses. Instinctively I knew that costume doesn't disguise as much as it liberates. Eighteenth-century Venetians, wearing half-masks to move about the city on their gallant ventures, knew this, and every child knows it as most of his elders never can again. A sense of costume is one of the things that growing up most cruelly leaves behind.

A gypsy dress from F.A.O. Schwarz was my first costume. I was particularly fond of wearing it during summer thunderstorms; donning it in a hurry at the first quiver of lightning, I would prance about the lawn, looking less like a gypsy than a fat, pink bacchante. However, the gypsy dress was too distinctly and exclusively itself to engage the imagination completely. Indeed, it was not a costume at all but "fancy dress," a spurious pretense of true costume. "Fancy dress" speaks the language of those who have forgotten, or never knew, the liberty which costume gives, who rig themselves out for an evening to play a character part with condescension, who make a point of always "being themselves," forgetting what a task that is.

My favourite costumes were two old steamer capes unearthed from the back of the hall closet in my grandmother's house. They had great style and swagger of their own, coupled with a worn indefiniteness which made them perfect companions for an almost infinite number of moods. When my sister and I first started wearing them the capes, which had belonged to my great-grandfather, reached to the ground; I expect we looked like two grey woollen

wigwams, but we felt like captains of the world, adventurous and easy. When we tired of just wandering about in them, we became Robin Hood, Little John, Hector, Odysseus, and, our favourite, Napoleon. (We had no interest in the distaff side of history or legend; in any case, only the Brontës and their heroines would have been at home in a cape.)

For five years at least the capes were the only antidote to everyday clothes, which were not only dull, but distinctly repressive, part of the propaganda of "being good" and "growing up"—a mysterious process which is less a matter of growth than of shrinking in the right places to fit a mould the world will accept.

Rarely in these years did I recapture the feeling I had had for the apricot- and lemon-coloured Liberty dress. Meanwhile, a life of uniforms—for that's what the snow, gym, and bathing suits were—made me more and more an addict of costume. However, about the age of thirteen there came a day when quite suddenly costumes didn't work any more.

In the mid-forties being a teen-ager had not yet become quite the powerful combination of full time profession and sinecure it is now. I wanted to wear white socks like "everyone else," rather than the brown that had been bought for me, but, unlike the 1960 teen-ager, I did not have the support of a great mass of editorial and advertising copy, telling me that I was a member of a group with a style of its own. Nor did I have backing from a pack of my peers as I would today.

At fourteen, however, I received a clothes allowance and with the first installment burning a hole in my pocket, I set out to advance the process of maturing in the only way I knew. Solemnly, and all alone, I set out for Henri Bendel—it was here that the one or two sophisticates among my classmates bought their clothes—to buy the most beautiful, daring evening dress I could find.

After trying on about ten, I settled on the dress of my dreams: a baby-blue ball gown with a skirt cut bunchily like a dirndl out of several layers of net. It still strikes me as an extraordinary choice in view of my shape, which continued to be plump, solid, healthy, or whatever euphe-

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mism you will. The skirt, however, was the sheerest flattery compared to the bodice which was made entirely of baby-blue feathers, fluffy as a down powder puff.

In the dress, I looked like an enormous baby-blue thunder-head, but in my mind's eye, as I stood before the three-panelled mirror in the fitting room, I imagined that I was transformed at last into a denizen of the adult world. Once out of the store, I hastened to buy a pair of shoes to wear with the dress. Not for me the simple satin slippers my better-advised friends purchased. My choice was a pair of shoes fit for Rita Hayworth in her prime. They were made of gilded python skin and had four-inch heels. I have never seen or owned a pair to equal them.

My mother cleverly accepted my purchases with neutrality if not direct approval, and I went off to the Christmas dances, a huge, happy, tottering baby-blue cloud. My happiness was soon marred, however, by a problem I had not foreseen; the hands of most of my fifteen- and sixteen-year-old partners were damp to say the least, and within an hour feathers began to come off my back where a firm hot hand had held me. My first warning was the sight of a partner, who had just been cut in on, surreptitiously blowing a feather or two off his hand as he moved away. At the first chance I felt my back. The damage was extensive. By the end of the evening the bodice looked like the head of a bald eagle.

By no means all my efforts to speed the process of growing up led me to buy clothes as flamboyant as the feathered dress and python shoes; in fact, as I reached the age of sixteen and seventeen I favoured severe, even elderly clothes. One year I bought five navy-blue dresses, each one drearier and more circumspect than the last. I looked very much like a highly paid, unpleasant governess, particularly in a certain brown Harris tweed coat, sturdy and shapeless, which I persisted in wearing for five long winters.

Shameful as it is to admit, this governess period lasted until I was through college. Looking back on it, I think that fashion editors over-simplify when they advise one to develop a "personal style." There are few women who appreciate themselves enough to dress according to what is gay, sound, confident, and individual in themselves. Most hide social fears, imagined ugliness, or a sense of being ordinary behind a

perpetual fancy dress, or, more frequently, a uniform.

My governess clothes were uniforms. On my slim, tanned mother a Harris tweed coat was not a uniform at all but a becoming expression of her personal style, and on my grandmother navy silk was the very thing to make pink cheeks glow and deep eyes shine. But on me. . . .

This state of affairs might have continued forever if I had not gone to Europe after college. I went first to France, and under a dulcet Parisian sky even I could see that my navy-blue dresses were alarmingly unbecoming.

It was about this time that I was invited to visit in Scotland over the Christmas holidays. The invitation mentioned that I might attend two balls. I needed an evening dress—preferably one without feathers. I was taken in hand by a friend, herself elegantly and effortlessly dressed, who pledged to help me slough off the governess. She took me to Chanel, where, she said, we would find "just the thing," which indeed we did—a ball gown made, over a gold lamé sheath, of cream-coloured lace re-embroidered in gold thread and mounted on stiff "crin" so that the skirt stood out in a marvellous circle.

The Chanel dress is the one "great" dress I have ever owned; the happiness I have had wearing it leads me to think that everyone who can should buy a truly beautiful, "great" dress—preferably French—once in her life. A great dress is the antithesis of a uniform; individual in itself, it brings one out as never before, and in the most flattering way. At the same time it is apt to have some small element of costume, like the gold re-embroidery on the cream lace of the Chanel dress, which will still the least tremor of awkwardness or shyness. A great dress is not quite fairy-tale magic; it will not make a princess out of a governess overnight, but it will be flattering enough to encourage almost anyone to start abandoning uniforms.

I left Paris for Scotland with the Chanel dress barely contained in an enormous, awkward, cardboard box, but I did not mind, for I knew I had with me a "charm" as sure as the apricot- and lemon-coloured Liberty dress. Here I was taking another boat trip—and the Chanel steamer was not unlike the old New Bedford boat—and I had only to put the "charm" on in order to become myself.



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Two shirts in wool challis, and friends: inside sweaters. Above: White wool challis shirt, now out from under a sweater. Here, it opens over a high-necked sweater, plaid skirt. Shirt by Lady Hathaway; \$18 at Lord & Taylor. Below: Woollen shirt, zebra-printed in taupe and white. Inside, a black wool sweater with high-rising neckline. Shirt by Vera; \$15. Sweater by Geistex; \$13. Both: Altman's.



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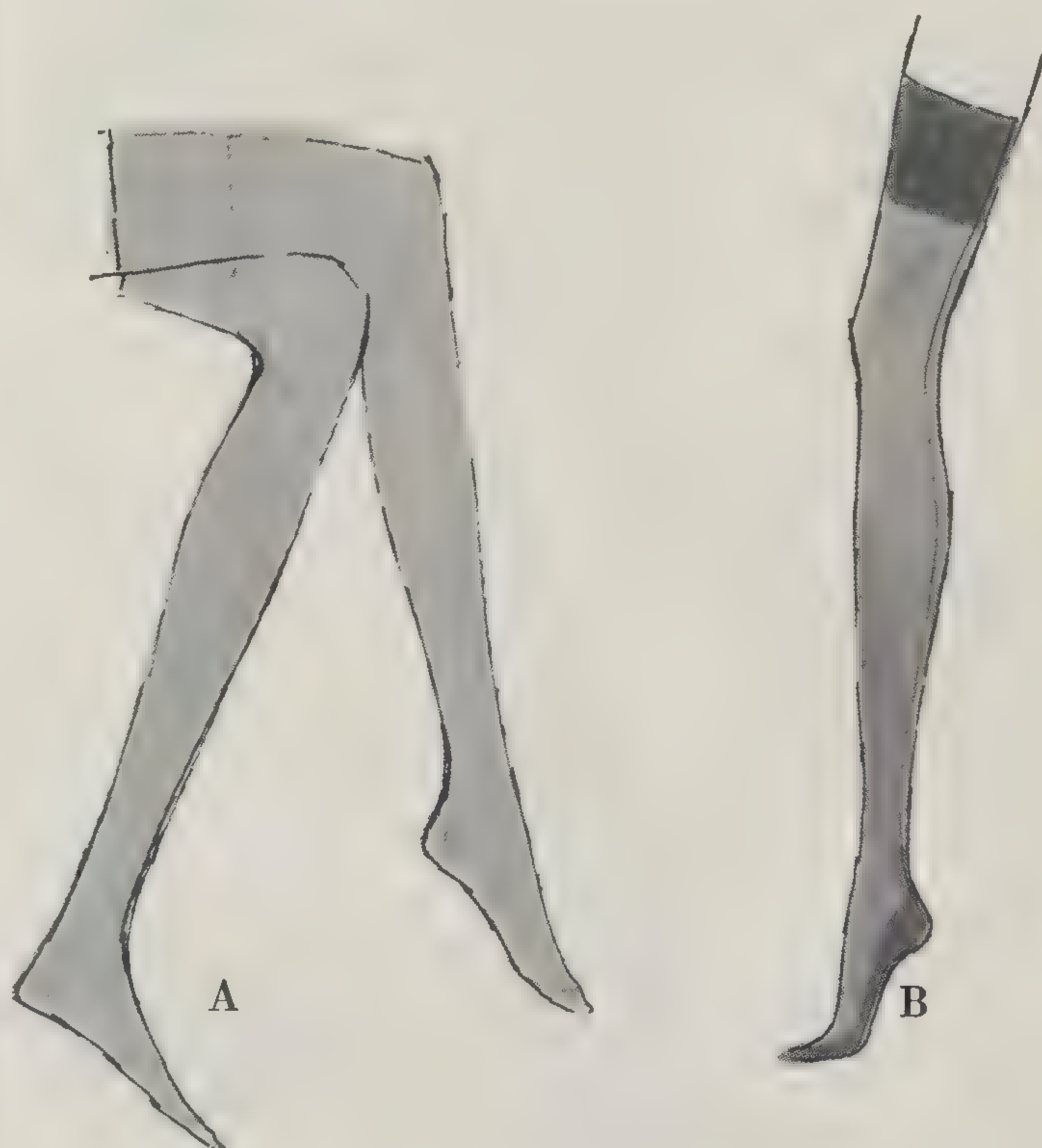
The stocking collector's story—

5 cases solved

On these pages, details about the stocking collector on pages 134-135, and the truth about which stocking goes with each clothes-situation. Above, the clothes; below, the stockings. For a quick which-is-which (after a decent interval of guessing), see upside-down solutions, opposite.

1. Red wool jersey overblouse with tie belt; \$12. Bias-cut culottes of black and white checked wool, full length; \$35. Both by Robert Sloan, at Bergdorf Goodman. Meeting the thong sandal challenge: a sheer, seamless stocking with tabi toe. By Mary Grey, at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop. Thong sandal by Mademoiselle, at Lord & Taylor.

2. Paisley-printed cotton batik shirt in rust colours; \$4. Beige turtle-neck blouse, in Alamac jersey of Orlon and wool; \$4. Both by Ship 'n Shore; at





4

5

Stern's. Stretch pants of orange Helanca nylon and silk, by Pantino, of Einiger fabric; \$28 at Lord & Taylor. Worn under the pants: seamless stockings attached to a pantie brief (look, no garters). These, called Panti-Legs, by Glen Raven at Lord & Taylor; The Broadway.

3. Taupe Glen plaid wool suit with wide notch collar, crocheted buttons, pleated skirt. By Glenhunt; \$135 at Lord & Taylor. Stocking for dog-walking—or any kind of walking: beige and sheer-looking, with no visible means of support, but really a support-stockings that helps prevent tired legs. By Bur-Mil Cameo, at Best & Co.; H. Liebes.

4. Deep-country clothes—black wool jersey top with cowl neck, zipper back; \$16. The skirt, box-pleated black and white plaid wool; \$20. Both by Sloat; at Bonwit Teller. Stocking that doesn't flinch at a country walk: sturdy, semi-opaque nylon in grey heather-flecked tweed. By Belle-Sharmeer; at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's.

5. Commuting suit of charcoal-grey wool jersey with short-sleeved striped jersey blouse attached to the skirt. By Abe Schrader; \$70 at Jay Thorpe. Here, the "daily" stocking that meets most demands—at both ends of the train trip—full-fashioned, in a smoky brown colour. By Hummingbird, at Franklin Simon; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's.

ANSWERS

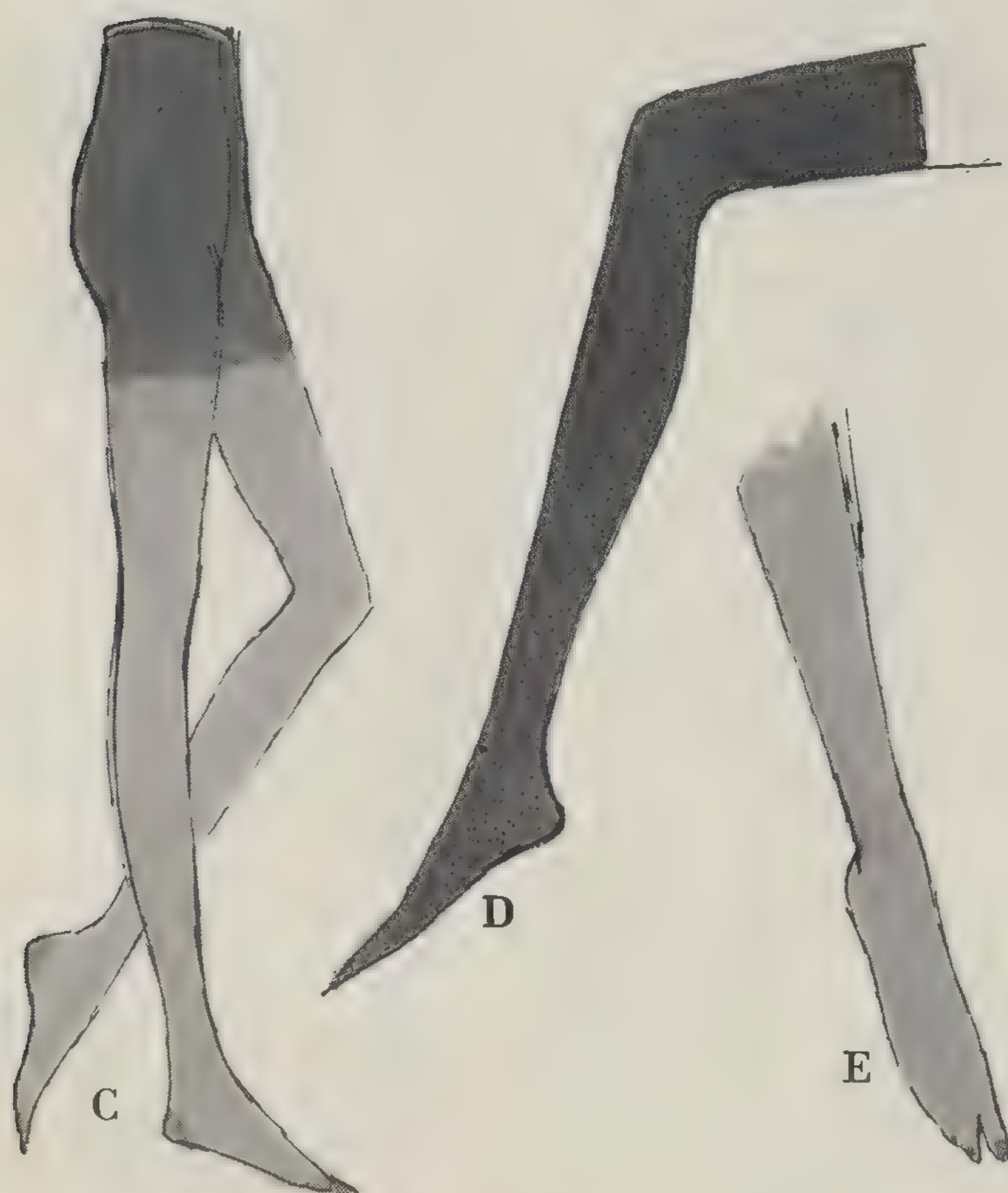
5-B

4-D

3-A

2-C

1-E



C

D

E



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Out-of-town rave: new suède alliance

Investigating the fashion situation here, an inquisitive horse. His finding: a blending of browns is a country natural. Here, camel-coloured suède cardigan, tossed on over a little Glen plaid dress in warm amber browns and greys. The dress might also be worn with the olive suède coat on page 138. Jacket (treated with stain-repellent Scotchgard) by Gean-Edwards, about \$50, at Lord & Taylor. Dress, of wool, Orlon, and silk, by Jon McCauley, about \$40, at Jay Thorpe.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



AT FOUR ITALIAN SHOOTING PARTIES

(Continued from page 107)

One place where a dog does come in handy is Montepaldi, owned by the Marchese Corsini di Laiatico, twenty minutes from Florence. In the vaulted entrance of the fifteenth-century house, once a De Medici shooting box, the De Medici crest remains brightly painted. A walk at Montepaldi, with or without a gun over your shoulder and a good dog to flush pheasants from the tree-covered hills, is still most rewarding.

Because practically all of the estates are really working farms, the drives are compactly laid out and cleverly planned both to take advantage of the abrupt but small Tuscan hills and to use vineyards and olive groves as blinds. No wild country really appears until one gets near the sea, beyond Pisa, by Leghorn, where at the Maremma the land has flattened out and tall umbrella pines rise over the sandy soil. One of our shoots was there at Migliarino, where certain forebears of our host, Duca Everardo Salviati, have shot boar and deer since 1415, and, since 1855, pheasant.

Birds come in high over the trees and shooting seemed difficult to me, but no problem at all to the other woman gun, Principessa Nini Pallavicini. Barely five feet tall, she is an excellent shot—and an attractive one in Wellington boots and a tweed shooting skirt and jacket. My American twill suit with leather-fronted trousers was new to the hunters. The only other trousered woman at any of the shoots was Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, who at Migliarino wore skin-tight white canvas slacks.

After twelve exciting posts we returned just before dusk to the Salviatis' immense grey stone eighteenth-century *palazzo* for drinks, and a high-high tea where spinach-filled *cannelloni* and roast pheasant never tasted better. After the host has presented each gun with a brace of pheasant, the balance of the bag is always sold at market where a bird fetches a higher price than it does in the United States.

Our next shoot was in quite different country, close to Florence at Montecchio, where the river Arno roams quietly through fields belonging to Roberto Low-

ley, whose English grandparents bought the land just a century ago. Signora Lowley was Contessa Barbara della Gherardesca of a storied Tuscan feudal family. In 1300, Dante wrote of an early Gherardesca, Count Ugolino, who, imprisoned in 1288, ate his children in the Tower of Hunger which still stands in Pisa.

Almost all the Gherardescas are good shots, including the women. All Gherardescas, men and women, wore an identical plaid, devised during a trip to Scotland by a great-uncle as a special family tartan for the descendants of Ugolino.

At Montecchio, Roberto Lowley laid out his drives to take advantage of the wandering Arno; birds flew to us over thickets bordering the river fields. Midway in the drives we stopped for lunch at a whitewashed cottage on the river bank where highly polished trestle tables were set up with local red and white earthenware and local red and white Chianti. An Italian shoot lunch is no mere cold bird and tomato. This one included among its hearty charms bubbling hot *manicotti*, pâté of pheasant *en crôte*, and a real Florentine delicacy, a large bowl of *Barba dei Cappuccini*, a delicious grasslike lettuce, with *finocchi*, cut paper thin.

In the eleventh-century monastery which the Lowleys have made into a comfortable house with rooms full of cushion-tumbled sofas and bright fires everywhere in broad hearths, we had a big tea later.

At Varramista, an hour or so from Florence, Enrico and Paola Piaggio gave us a day's shooting quite in contrast to that at Migliarino or Montecchio. Here the land is high and rolling with fields where wild cyclamen bloom, pale lavender to deep purple, and leafy woods side on terraced vineyards and olive groves. The long cypress-bordered drive leads to the lovely porticoed house, thought to have been designed by Michelangelo. Signor Piaggio plans his shooting here with the same careful attention he gives his Vespa enterprises. More birds are raised on his 3,600 acres than perhaps anywhere else in Italy. Uniformed gamekeepers run around in small

(Continued on page 172)

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LIVING IT UP IN ITALY

(Continued from page 150)

excellent. That is why the foreign colony of Forio turns up at the place two or three nights a week. Philip's an American, his wife Franca an Italian, they aim, in an independent way, to please.

It's a pretty little suburb of pleasure, Ischia. And easy to get to. Elegant new little white boats come over all day long from Naples, or if you insist there is a helicopter.

And there are lots of places to stay. I had the luck to have one of Susan Walton's six houses. Set in a garden on a prominence above the beach, they can be rented for a month or a year or longer—Robin Maugham took one for nine years—and they are furnished as you could desire, everything supplied. Lots of servants, in fact you have to be careful not to make a pig of yourself about servants. When you can get a beautiful girl who not only cooks but *sings* for thirty dollars a month, your impulse is to hire a troupe.

But if you want to stop at a hotel, and you probably will, there are, just over a little hill from Forio, the Regina Isabella and the Sporting, at Lacco Ameno. These hotels of *grand luxe* are among the best in southern Italy.

They are owned by Angelo Rizzoli, the famous Milanese publisher, and patron of Ischia. (It is he who gave the million-dollar hospital to the island.) The hotels were built by him when he was having construction work done around the warm springs. In fact, the whole complex started as a kind of summer plaything, but now it is his absorbing interest.

The Ischian baths have been in use for over two thousand years. Here is how Norman Douglas described them, sixty years ago:

"Does the hair of your eyelashes drop out? Try the Bagno di Piaggia Romana. Is your complexion unsatisfactory? The Bagno di Santa Maria del Popolo will put that right. Are you deaf? The Bagno d'Ulmitello. Blind? Bagno delle Caionche. Headache, chill on the liver, or kidney trouble? Bagno di Fontana. Does your nose itch? The Sudatorio di Castiglione. Toothache, or impetigo? Bagno di Succellaro. Perhaps your heart needs comfort? The Bagno dell'Oro will suit your case. Are you a victim to hypochondria? The

Sudatorio di Cacciotto dispels black humours. Or have you scalded your finger with boiling water? Try the Bagno di Fontana again. Does your grandfather complain of baldness, are you troubled with elephantiasis, or is your wife anxious to be blessed with children? Hasten, all three of you, to the Bagno di Citara."

In the last ten years the waters have been tamed into a classical thermal establishment, complete with doctors and nurses and masseurs—as modern as any in Europe. The fame of the baths' rejuvenating power has spread so that unlike most European spas, they are open the year round. At the end of a three-week course with good food, a good time, and a view of the blue Tyrrhenian Sea, you are likely to feel a new person.

In Venice, in the winter, you go to Harry's Bar. You have lunch there, you have dinner there. So I was sitting there, in the warmth, one cold drizzling November night, when a fellow came up to me and said, "Your name begins with B and you used to come into the Weyhe Gallery in New York."

This was only too true, but I hate to admit anything, so I muttered a qualified yes. And then I remembered him.

John Torson; who used to help Martha Dickenson at the Weyhe, that most pleasurable of the small galleries in New York. Oh, the Weyhe. I made my first serious purchase from Mr. Weyhe, a Picasso etching for ten bucks.

So Torson sat down and we had Harry's Fish Soup. I hadn't seen Torson for five years; he had changed: he was a picture dealer on his own now.

But a picture dealer with a difference. His gallery, so to say, is in his hat. He does this: twice a year for a couple of months he roams Europe, visiting scores of galleries, shops, and studios, picking up what he can find at prices he can afford. When I saw him his haul contained everything from a page of a Cézanne notebook to a Sutherland gouache to a Wols water colour. I bought from him, on the spot, an etching by Ensor.

He comes back to New York and peddles his stock—from gallery to Museum to whoever. It's a gamble, but his eye is sharp, his taste is good and his price is low. If you want to save a buck,

you can get in touch with him in New York City. He will spread his stock out on his sofa—everything from a five-dollar Braque poster to a three-thousand-dollar Tchelitchev oil.

What a life, eh? When you consider how you have to slave.

Now about that fish soup.

Frankly I am too timid to ask a restaurant proprietor how to make a dish, but Natalie Schafer is not. She asked Harry and she got the recipe. Here it is:

3 pounds of salt-water fish
(bass, snapper or such—or a combination)
2 medium onions
5 stalks of celery
3 carrots
1 parsley root
2 tomatoes
A pinch of saffron
Salt and ground pepper to taste
Few drops olive oil

Peel the tomatoes and chop them and all the other vegetables fine. Put them with the fish and the saffron in a big pot and cover with water. Cook until the fish is done.

When it is, take it out and remove the skin and *all* the bones. Test the vegetables. When they are soft, press them, and the fish, through a sieve. Or better still, if you have a blender, run everything in it until smooth. Add just enough salt and ground pepper to taste.

Just before serving, when you are reheating, swirl in a few drops of olive oil.

Of course this makes quite a lot of soup. But it freezes successfully.

If you arrive in Rome and are lonely that first night and don't know anybody and are appalled by the fact that everybody, no kidding, is speaking Italian and you are getting hungry and don't want to give up and just eat in the hotel, get into a taxi and go to Passetto's Restaurant on the Piazza Zanardelli. Tell the captain you want to be waited on by Alfonso Vottola.

He'll chase your blues away. In the first place he speaks better English than you do, and he *likes* Americans, which is not a universal failing of Italians. Alfonso has never been here, but during the war he worked for an

(Continued on page 169)

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LIVING IT UP IN ITALY

(Continued from page 168)

American Major, who gave him a starry-eyed view of the United States.

He will order you a good dinner. You will get what is in season (the only way to eat in Italy) and it will be well cooked—Passetto's is one of the best (maybe the best?) restaurants in Rome.

You will feel safe and satisfied with Alfonso. When I left Rome, he gave me a going-away present of a truffle cutter. That's a thoughtful, not to say unusual gift, eh?

I went often to Passetto's. I had an apartment a couple of blocks away on the Tiber, and it was handy.

You would do well, if you are to be in Rome for a month or two, to rent a furnished apartment. They are easy to come by, and cheap. And they make everything else cheap. A full quart of London Gin, for instance is about three dollars. A ten-pound chunk of ice—which I used to buy on the

Street of the Wolves—was three cents. And my maid...

Well, dear Ada. She came in every morning with the papers, brought me breakfast in bed, washed and ironed all my clothes, pressed my suits, shined my shoes, cleaned the apartment, did the shopping, and cooked lunch: for four dollars a week. Oh. And gave me Italian lessons. In the afternoon she worked for Charlie Moses. (If you want to buy a picture in Rome, go see Charles. Via Margutta, 88. He has everybody from Berman to the latest, youngest, most abstract Roman. He speaks English, as everyone from Cincinnati does.)

Ada cooked spaghetti well, but that is standard practice in Rome. And she had a 'specialty'—at least something I had never had before—a noodle soufflé.

Here is how you make it: in the top of a double boiler melt three tablespoons of butter, add

(Continued on page 172)

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 146-147)



1026



1025

Above: Suit with its own blouse: Paris Original Model. Vogue Pattern 1026, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14: 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards, 54" fabric, for the suit; 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards, 50" fabric, for blouse, jacket lining. \$2.50. Below: Dress with kimono-sleeve jacket, a Paris Original Model. Vogue Pattern 1025; sizes 10 to 18. Size 14: 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards, 54" fabric, for costume; 1 yard, 45" fabric for jacket lining. \$2.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



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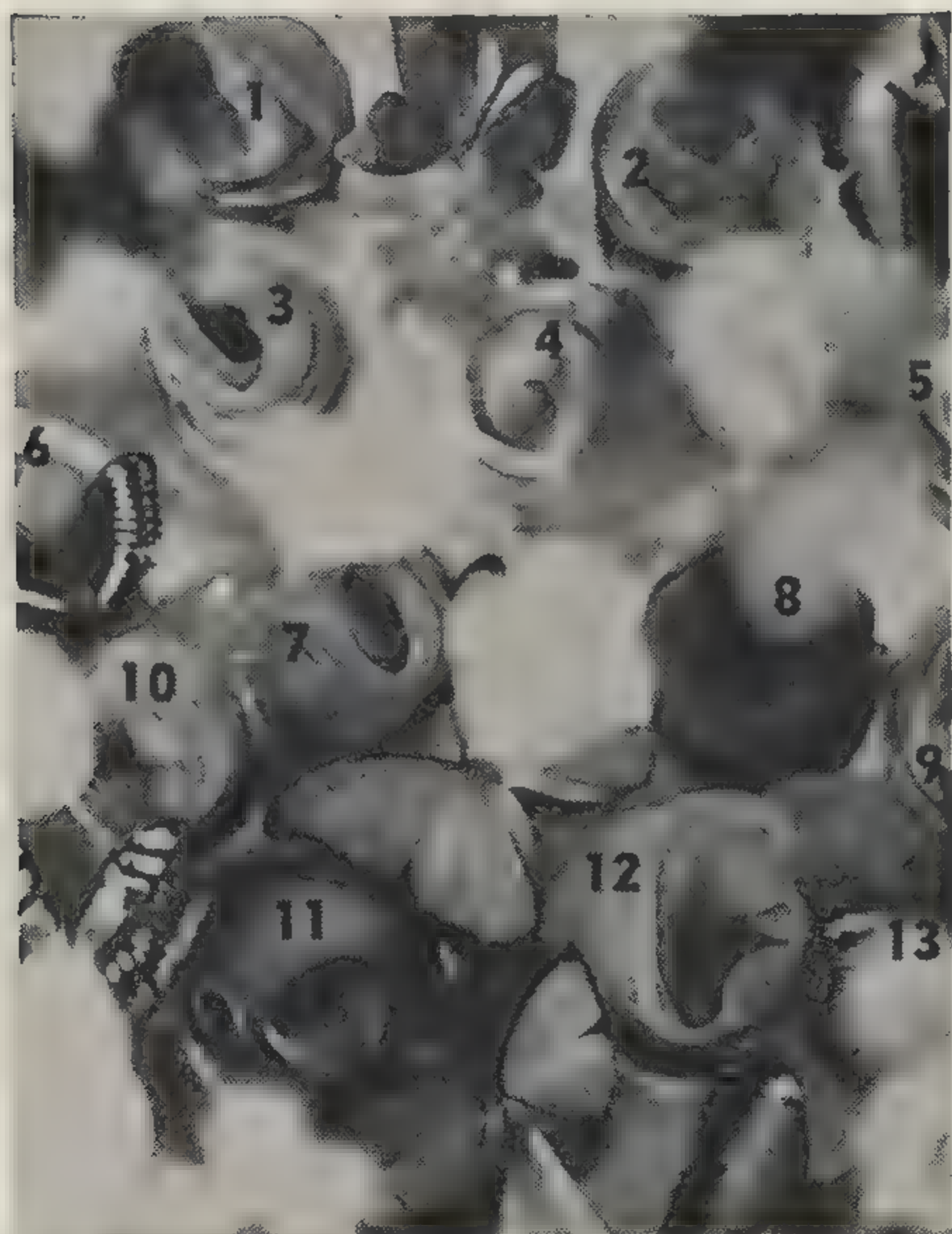
(Details from page 133)

1. High-heeled pink satin shoe by Julianelli, at Lord & Taylor; Himel-hoch's; Bullock's-Wilshire. The ame-thyst seamless stocking: Plum Pretty by Archer, at Carson, Pirie, Scott; J. W. Robinson.

2. Demi-toe Hanes seamless style in off-black: Barely Black, at Lord & Tay-lor; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; The Broadway.

3. High-heeled red moire shoe by Her-bert Levine, at Bonwit Teller; Harz-feld's; Joseph Magnin. Taupe-grey dia-mond stitch stocking (with seam): Mad Mad Mad by Berkshire, at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; H. & S. Pogue.

4. Seamless demi-toe stocking in browned claret: Wine Mist by Mun-singwear, at Dayton's; Diamond's, Phoe-nix; Gold & Co., Lincoln.



(Details from page 132)

1. Hazy greyed-green seamless stock-ing: Green Mist by NoMend, at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; J. W. Robinson.

2. Seamless stocking, rich taupe: Wood Song by Round-the-Clock, at Macy's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutz-ler's; Hudson's.

3. A rosy amethyst (seamless): Mauv-etie by Bur-Mil Cameo, at De Pinna; Stix, Baer & Fuller; The Broadway.

4. Seamless, in a delicate greige: Fawn by Van Raalte, at Tailored Woman; Hudson's.

5. An iridescent greyed-neutral, full-fashioned: Fire and Smoke by Schiapa-relli, at Lord & Taylor; The Broadway.

6. Demi-toe seamless in a taupe shade: Beaver by Mary Grey, at Lord & Tay-lor; Woodward & Lothrop.

7. Olive green, faintly greyed, a Hanes seamless demi-toe: Olivette, at Best

& Co.; Hutzler's; Wm. H. Block; Pfeifer's, Little Rock.

8. Seamless in a rich brown: Espresso by Hummingbird, at Franklin Simon; Woodward & Lothrop; Frost Bros.

9. In a dark amethyst, a seamless demi-toe stocking: Black Amethyst by Belle-Sharmer, at Lord & Taylor; Wood-ward & Lothrop; Rich's; Halle Bros.

10. Seamless style in an iridescent, golden brown: Perfect for Woodtones by Kayser, at Macy's; Kaufmann's.

11. Jet-brown stocking, full-fashioned: Teakwood by Christian Dior, at Berg-dorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin.

12. Full-fashioned stocking in a clear red: Tabasco by Sapphire, at Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Best's Apparel.

13. Bronzed-green seamless: Black Olive by Roman Stripe, at Lord & Taylor; Filene's.

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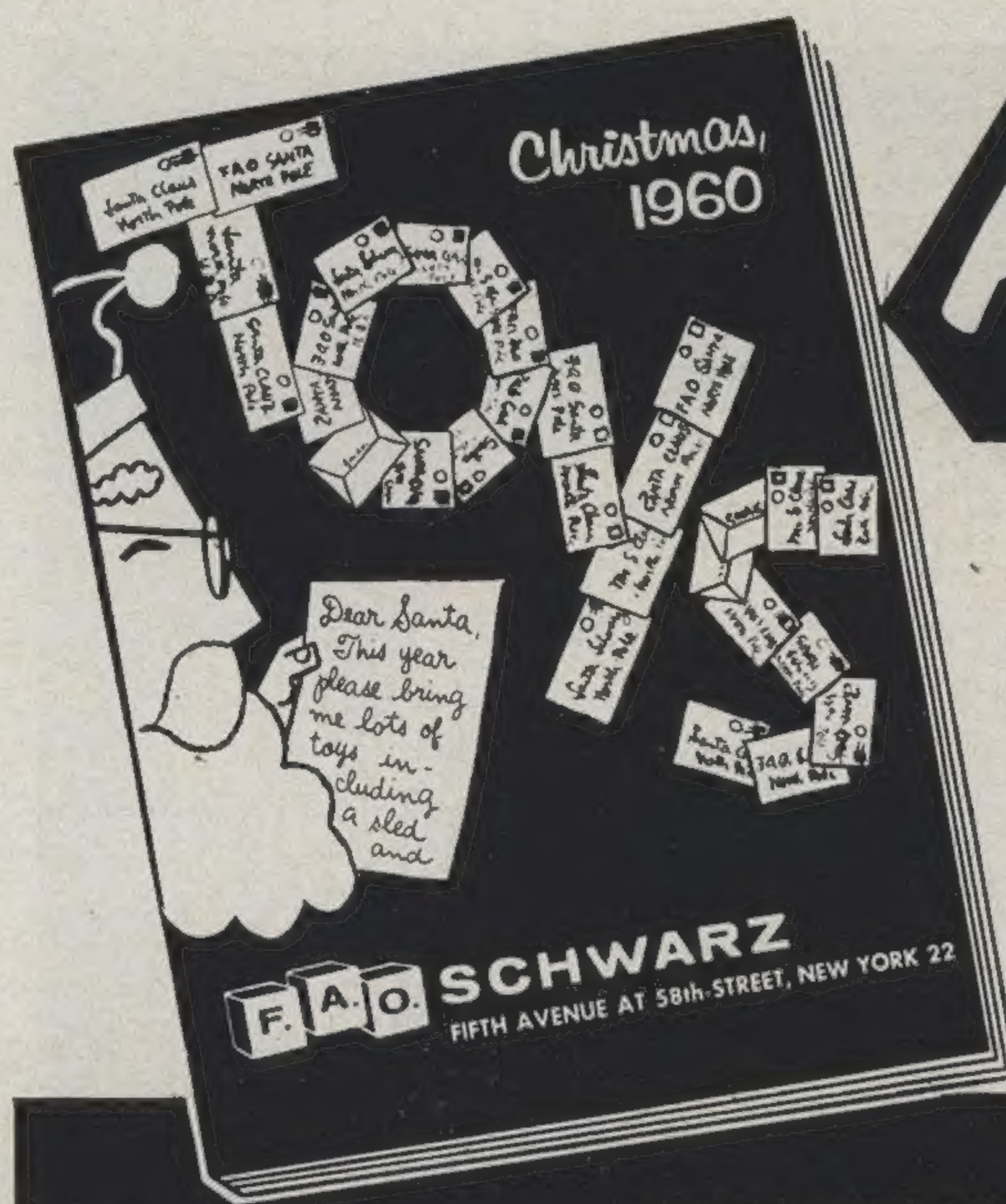
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LIVING IT UP IN ITALY

(Continued from page 169)

three tablespoons of flour, blend them and allow to cook a minute. Now add a cup of milk and stir until the sauce just begins to thicken, then pour in a cup of grated Parmesan and stir again until all is smooth and thick. Add a good dash of cayenne pepper, some salt, stir again and set off the stove to cool.

Into a pot of rapidly boiling salted water throw a handful of thin noodles, enough to make a scant cup and a half when soft. Don't boil the noodles long—three or four minutes—they should be undercooked.

Now separate six eggs and stir the yolks into the cheese mixture. Beat the whites until they are good and stiff but not dry.

Drain the noodles well. Mix them into the cheese. Now take a quarter of the egg whites and beat them into the cheese-noodle sauce. Really beat them in until the whole mess looks bubbly. Then pour all this over the remaining egg whites and carefully lift and fold until all is pretty well blended. Then slip everything into a two quart buttered soufflé dish.

The oven should be preheated to 350°. Twenty-five minutes should about do for cooking. But test the soufflé. Open the oven door and give the dish a little shove. If the crust wobbles too much, cook it another few minutes.

With this, Ada had a salad you might try. First she peeled and chopped a couple of tomatoes, seeded and chopped a sweet pep-

per, minced an onion, and to these added a couple of tablespoons of capers, some chopped oregano and a little parsley. Over all, she poured olive oil, a dash of vinegar plus salt and pepper.

Then she washed a head of chicory. Without cutting or breaking it in any way she opened the head and stuffed it with the tomato mixture. Then she folded the leaves back to their original position and gave them a twist, to hold the mixture in. And so into the ice box to cool for an hour.

When the time came for lunch, she simply cut off the stem end of the chicory, and there was salad, cold and soaked through with the dressing. Good.

We used to eat with this, for dessert, wild strawberries sprinkled with Framboise, but you can't have that, God knows.

All these recipes add up to a meal, do they not? A peculiar meal, a heavy meal, and certainly one no Italian would eat, but a meal: fish soup, a soufflé, the *bolito* with corn and spinach, a salad, and well—no practicable dessert.

If you feel you should have a dessert, go around to the corner bakery and buy an apple pie. That should do it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: George Bradshaw, a thin, amusing, delightful collector of drawings and recipes, has been writing for important magazines for about twenty years. This is Mr. Bradshaw's eighth for *Vogue*—an amalgam of two of his pleasures—food and travel.

AT FOUR ITALIAN SHOOTING PARTIES

(Continued from page 167)

three-wheeled Vespa trucks to check up on details. Each drive is an event.

Donna Paola Piaggio, one of Italy's best horsewomen, rarely takes a gun herself but is always present at the shoots. Though Signor Piaggio, looking faintly like the hero of a TV Western, usually wears an old, beaten-up shooting hat, his gunbearers and loaders are smartly turned out in brown velvet jackets and caps, with dark blue trousers.

In the courtyard of an old farmhouse, two butlers helped at

a buffet shoot lunch, set out on a white cloth with silver ice buckets and chafing dishes. With Campari-soda, vermouth already mixed with sodawater, bottled in tiny flasks and coloured a bright, unreal pink, I enjoyed *polenta*, cornmeal sticks delicious with a thin slice of salami, and cubes of *pecorino*, a fresh ewe's milk cheese.

Dusk drew us back to the *palazzo* for high tea, presented, at Varramista, like a luncheon, at small tables, a comfortable end to a wonderful day of shooting.

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